The Nation

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1911.

The Week

To a lot of wandering, unhappy Trusts, President Taft has rendered an inestimable service; for the world at large he has made a discovery the stunning effect of which is comparable only to the news of Dr. Cook's finding of the North Pole. He has found a father for the Trusts. We have long known they had a mother; the country years ago accepted as correct the late H. O. Havemeyer's sworn and expert testimony that the mother of this ugly brood was the tariff. But who was the father that was responsible for this overgrown flock? Hitherto nobody has known, least of all the Trusts themselves. People and politicians have long wanted to cite the father to the national court of domestic relations, with a view to compelling him to return to his deserted and abandoned consort and to support and maintain those unpopular children who are now being clothed and fed at the public expense.

It was unkind of the father to remain in hiding so long, for it casts doubts upon the nature of their paternity. Ill-natured persons in matters of this kind are only too apt to shrug their shoulders and mutter the baleful word "illegitimate"—and every one knows the Trusts have been dubbed illegitimate, and evil-born, and had other shocking things quite too awful to print said about them. But Mr. Taft has pulled the rascal by the heels from his hiding, and, lo! it is our familiar old friend, the Standard Oil Company—"the father of all Trusts" Mr. Taft calls him. We thought that every other crime in the calendar had been laid at his doors, but here is this hoary sinner caught red-handed again. We trust Mr. Taft knows what to do with him—if Standard Oil has not a marriage license with him. After that the divorce court, if Madame Tariff pleases. We should not blame her if a realization in her old age and failing strength should come to her of the true character of the company she has been keeping—and then there should be magnificent alimony.

Senator Roosevelt's resolution looking toward the establishment of a law of divorce applying uniformly to the whole nation has been passed by both branches of the New York Legislature. As to the means contemplated in this resolution—an amendment of the Constitution of the United States conferring the necessary power upon Congress—there is room for serious differences of opinion; what the action of the Legislature must chiefly be regarded as indicating is the prevalence and strength of the sentiment that the present condition of divorce law in our country is scandalous, and calls for vigorous efforts for its reform. It is along the line of concerted action between the States that these efforts have been chiefly directed of late, and it is probably along that line that success is to be looked for. Mr. Taft has just come out strongly for this method of obtaining uniformity.

"When a dog bites a man," said the late Charles A. Dana, "that's not news; when a man bites a dog, that's news." Upon this principle, the statement that anybody has spoken against the Gaynor-Murphy charter for New York ought to be barred from publication in the press. Still, when the Board of Estimate comes out, in what is—apart from the Mayor himself—virtually a unanimous assertion of its opposition, the declaration must be regarded as news of decided importance. They make it perfectly plain that even though the provision requiring the separate approval of the Mayor in relation to rapid-transit contracts be taken out of the bill, it would still contain provisions inexcusably interfering with the existing powers and functions of the Board of Estimate. How vitally the primary function of that Board, the making of the city's budget—the function, as the committee of the board says, from which its very name is derived—would be interfered with by the proposed addition of an outside member and by the method prescribed for the formation of the budget committee, is unanswerably set forth in the report.

No less vigorous than its detailed criticism is the committee's general characterization of the scheme:

> At a time when experience in the government of American cities points toward an expansion of the commission idea in the control of the city's financial affairs—rather than its restriction—it is proposed to fly in the face of experience. While the progress elsewhere in America in this respect and in better charter making generally is almost universal, it is proposed that New York shall take a discreditable and discouraging backward step.

As for the proposal to railroad the charter through the Legislature, the report does not go a whit too far in denouncing such a proceeding as "monstrous" and as a manifestation of "contempt for public opinion and public rights." We believe that it would be literally impossible to find, in the whole history of modern legislation, a single instance of such shameless disregard for the elementary principles of decent lawmaking as that now contemplated at Albany. Particular bills have been passed, of course, that were more indefensible; but to force on a metropolitan city an entire new charter which has been riddled full of holes by criticisms from every quarter, and in favor of which not a single voice has been raised outside the little circle of politicians engaged in its concoction—this, we have no hesitation in saying, would be an outrage without precedent.

Pennsylvania is to be congratulated on the report of the grand jury which has been investigating the Coatesville lynching. That body indicts Richard Tucker and Walter Markwood for murder in the first degree and brings the charge of involuntary manslaughter against Stanley Howe, the police officer who was guarding the prisoner at the hospital when the mob came for him, and Charles E. Umsted, Coatesville's chief of police. The grand jury also arraigns in forceful terms the conspiracy of silence which it found pervading the little village in Chester County which was the scene of the atrocity. It cries shame upon the citizens who had full knowledge of the crime before its commission and yet raised no hand to interfere, and who, after the mob fury had cooled, put every obstacle in the way of justice.

Dr. Booker T. Washington is able to get round the Jim Crow law in Texas by chartering a special Pullman car to

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take him the 200 miles from Austin to Temple. He is about to tour the State with a party of men of both races, as he has recently made trips in other Southern States, Mississippi, Tennessee, Virginia, etc., in which he has rendered service of great value in interpreting the races to each other. But, while Dr. Washington can thus escape the humiliation of the Jim Crow car, there are thousands of others of his race of equal refinement and culture who have no such way out. They must go in the rural South into unsanitary and dirty cars that look as though they had never been cleaned, and that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are far inferior to the average white coach. Whether those travelling in these cars are ailing or well, strong or delicate, their plight is the same; it is part of the price they pay for their American birthright! As yet, Dr. Washington has never felt called to speak out very clearly about this gross discrimination against his race, in accordance with his fixed policy of bearing down upon all the favorable signs of the times and touching but lightly on the evils. But if he would speak out, we believe that he could impress the country deeply by telling what he knows about the feelings of the colored people in regard to the Jim Crow stigma daily placed upon them.

Tempting or goading aviators to their death bids fair to take a prominent place among the sane and simple joys of the county fair. Two airmen went to their fate last Friday while supplying entertainment for the rural crowd. One of these men was unwilling to make the ascent, and was only driven to do so by the jeers of the spectators. The mortality list among aviators has attained dimensions where action by the public authorities will soon be called for. Insufficiently trained men are at present at liberty to risk their own lives and those of the crowd below them for the money there is in it, precisely because there will always be found men to risk their lives for money. The effect on the crowd can only be described as demoralizing. "Scientific" interest is lost in the desire for thrills and circus "stunts" carried out at the peril of a man's life. The art of aerial navigation tends to be brought into disrepute by such murderous exhibitions.

The disaster in the harbor of Toulon, more deadly in its effects even than the blowing up of the Maine, will create fresh uneasiness throughout naval circles in regard to the smokeless powder of to-day. How can these modern naval monsters be safeguarded? How can they be prevented from sacrificing their own crews? The question is not an academic one. Many other disasters suggest themselves. It is an open secret that some of our own ships have escaped destruction only by the closest of margins, in one case the flooding of the magazines being necessary to save the vessel. These narrow escapes rarely find their way into the press, though naval circles are fully aware of them. As a result, the newest ships are wholly of metallic construction, even to the officers' furniture, since it has been found that modern battleships under fire could burn within as fiercely as did the wooden walls which once were the glory of nations. Still other measures of safety are the watching of the thermometers in the magazines and the devices employed to reduce artificially the temperature therein. If we are correctly informed, the newest American Dreadnoughts are to have pipes from their artificial-ice plants carried into the powder and shell store-rooms to control the temperature. The striking fact is that makers of smokeless powder are not wholly masters of this terrible agency which they have invented. It is known that, unlike the old brown powder, the smokeless used in our navy, at least, is very sensitive to great heat. What is even more important, it is not an even product; batches of it made under precisely the same conditions may, when tested, be found to have varying strength and properties.

The destruction of the Liberté will inevitably recall the loss of the Maine, particularly as there have just been published dispatches from Havana declaring there is clear proof that a large part of the forward section of the keel had been blown upward. These reports should be taken with much salt. Our latest information is to the effect that the work stopped some time ago for the rainy season; and that at that time it was impossible to tell anything clearly, since the fore-part of the ill-fated vessel was merely a junk-heap, and the naval constructor in charge, with the plans of the vessel before him, could discover almost nothing about the constituent parts of the twisted and distorted mass before him, or their original location. There are those in Havana who believe that the secret will never be discovered, just as there are military and naval men of high repute, like the former Chief Engineer Melville, Rear-Admiral Chadwick, and Gen. W. H. Bixby, the head of the Army's Engineer Corps, who emphatically disbelieve in the possibility of an external explosion. The Russo-Japanese war has reinforced their contentions, in that the Japanese and Russian warships which were sunk by external mines, notably the great battleship Petropavlosk, went down without their magazines blowing up. The Maine's magazines exploded; everybody admits that. The only question is whether they were set off by internal accident, or spontaneous combustion, or by the concussion of an external explosion.

The figures of British foreign trade for August, both import and export, show a marked falling off in comparison with the corresponding month of 1910. The most significant of the declines are those in the imports of raw materials for manufacturing and in the exports of manufactured goods. The falling off in raw materials imported was $11,000,000, while the amount of manufactures exported shows a decrease of $10,500,000. With characteristic fairness, the London *Economist*, while pointing to the labor troubles of the month as the most salient cause of the decline, is careful to state that other adverse factors bore a material part in the result, especially the Moroccan crisis and the slackness of trade in the United States. We say "with characteristic fairness," because the *Economist*, in the same issue, discusses with great force the gravity of the economic injury produced by extensive strikes, making reference to its remark of a fortnight before, that "a strike lasting for a month on a scale like that which actually lasted fifty hours would probably cause more loss of life and more loss of money to the United Kingdom than a whole year of the South African war." This remark, it says, "has been widely quoted, and no writer has ventured to question its truth." Incidentally, we feel moved to commend to those

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kind-hearted persons on this side the water who have been falling into the habit of looking upon every strike as *prima facie* worthy of support and encouragement, the wise and sober words of Mr. W. Abraham, the miners' leader, showing the folly and injury of ill-considered strikes, which are quoted with warm praise by the *Economist*. That paper is by no means a hidebound supporter of the capitalist side in labor controversies, but it recommends to the working people the same kind of good sense and fairness that it urges upon the employers.

Not till next year will the new Irish Home Rule bill be laid before Parliament, but Ulster is already up in arms, almost literally. It has, of course, been common for the Unionists of the North of Ireland to declare that they would never submit to being ruled from Dublin, but on Monday last they went a step further. At a conference presided over by Sir Edward Carson, who certainly ought to know what illegality is, a resolution was adopted, not only breathing the old defiance, but explicitly announcing the intention to form "a provisional government for Ulster," which should "become operative on the day of the passage of a Home Rule bill." This is no doubt three parts bluster, though the sincerity of Ulster opposition can be called in question no more than its bitterness, but there is at least one part unconscious humor. The great Unionist fight has been against "separatism," yet here are Unionists gravely proposing to be more separate than anybody else. They have cried out that Home Rule would break up the Empire, but they are the very ones to announce an intention of breaking it up into smaller bits than had been suggested in any other quarter. "Ulster will fight," runs the slogan, but the question is whether Ulster will not laugh when she realizes what her representatives have done.

Lord Chancellors of England, from Thurlow and Eldon down, have had a way of delivering themselves freely on public questions, and often getting into hot water thereby. The present Chancellor is no exception. On two matters Lord Loreburn has recently expressed himself in a way to give offence. He has favored a County Courts Bill, as a measure of judicial reform, but the Council of the Bar has opposed it. Thereupon, the Chancellor remarked that this showed one "how lawyers are against legal reform. It is an interested professional opposition, and I feel it my duty to say so." This naturally provoked the resentment of the Bar, which proceeded to pass resolutions repudiating the "imputation." Not content with that encounter, Lord Loreburn fell foul of the Law Society, which has raised objections to a new scheme of transferring land by registration of title. In connection with this the Chancellor had some remarks to make about "the enormous strength of the vested interests concerned in the maintenance of the present system, and the aversion from the learning of a new system, the dislike of innovation, which were, fortunately or unfortunately, characteristic of the legal profession." Result: another swarm of hornets about the woolsack. But the Lord Chancellor seems to enjoy that sort of thing.

The system of inspired interviews, semi-official notes, *communiqués*, *ballons d'essai*, and calculated indiscretions, by which the Foreign Offices of Europe are accustomed to keep the public in touch with the progress of delicate diplomatic negotiations, is one of the most efficient means for driving nations into hysteria ever devised by the wit of man. If from the beginning of the Morocco controversy between the French and German Governments, the newspapers in both countries had been forbidden to print a line on the subject and the authorities in both countries had refused to drop a hint as to the course of events, public anxiety would never have attained the pitch to which it has been repeatedly brought by the "inspired" interpretations of "authorized" comments on the semi-official publications of an editor high up somewhere or other. Only the other day public opinion in both countries had grown highly optimistic, when one of these semi-official notes, intended to inspire still more optimism, appeared in the German press. So highly technical, however, is the language of semi-official diplomacy, and so liable to misconstruction, that this note of hope nearly created a panic on the stock exchanges of both countries. The banking interests were driven to appeal directly to the Foreign Office. They were told that everything was in an eminently satisfactory condition—notwithstanding the optimistic semi-official communication.

The death of Sir Robert Hart removes one of the greatest administrators of this day and generation. For nearly fifty years identified with the Chinese customs, this remarkable man rendered inestimable services to China, and, it is not too much to say, to all the outside world. Nothing could make him abandon his work, in which, as the London *Times* once put it, "posterity will doubtless recognize one of the most striking monuments ever produced by the genius and labor of any individual Englishman." This tribute was called forth by the report of the death of Sir Robert Hart in the Boxer rebellion; he had, therefore, the rare experience of reading extraordinary tributes to himself written with the freedom with which men speak of a great man gone. The truth was that he, being fond of the Chinese, sympathized with them, and was able to look at their questions from their point of view. This led at times to his being criticised as too Chinese; but to his glory be it said, he was neither a swashbuckler nor in his manner an overlord who deemed the Chinese as existing merely to be trodden under foot.

It is this aspect of Sir Robert Hart's life and activity which, it seems to us, will be of greater and greater value to the world as time passes. For the Western nations must now readjust their ideas as to the proper method of dealing with the Eastern ones. It is no longer possible to treat them as hopeless inferiors, to rob and cheat them, or to impose a barbarous vice upon them, as Sir Robert's countrymen did when they fastened the opium curse upon China. Such influence as the West can exert must come not by means of the mailed fist, but by sympathy, appreciation, fair dealing, and coöperation. Sir Robert refused to carry a chip upon his shoulder; it was not possible to offend him by a failure to observe the traditions of the East in dealing with him. For that he was too broad. He simply plugged away at his task, undismayed even when the Taipings rebelled, though affected no doubt by the savage looting of his wonderful home by the Boxers in 1900. His remarkable success not only bespeaks genius; it proves the correctness of his policies and his philosophy.

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BUSINESS MEN AND POLITICS.

The pressing and vital need of to-day is a man of the Mark Hanna type, actively identified with big business interests; willing and able to devote his time, his abilities, and his energy to rehabilitate the nation and bring back the same conditions which prevailed before the pernicious activities of Mr. Roosevelt started the country on its downward course.

This extract from a letter prominently printed in the New York *Sun*, by a writer whose name we charitably omit, is in line with a good deal of recent public expression of opinion in that newspaper and elsewhere. Something like an appeal to the business men of the country is being rather widely talked of, in the hope that further disturbing legislation may be prevented, radicalism in general rebuked, and "safe and sane" conditions restored. To dismiss all this as merely a result of unsatisfactory trade at the moment, leading disappointed merchants and captains of industry to an unwonted searching of heart, would be unfair. It is evident that a great deal of attention is now given to this subject, mingled with apprehension, and that multitudes of business men have a vague feeling that if they should only exert their power and do their political duty, affairs might be greatly improved. All the more reason, then, why they should look carefully at the proposed movement, in order to see what are its necessary limitations, and what the lines along which it may usefully work.

One thing the promoters of a Business Men's League, or whatever it may be called, cannot get too early or too clearly into their minds. This is that the day of a close alliance between "big business" and politics has gone by in this country. We used to approve it, then dubiously to tolerate it, but finally the people came to suspect and abhor it; and any political organization now seeking to revive it would be doomed from the start. It is no longer possible to have a great manufacturer, like B. F. Jones of Pittsburgh, made chairman of the Republican National Committee, as he was in 1884, in an election where legislation to increase his own profits, and those of his fellows, was one of the issues. And for any one to propose at present to put a man of the Mark Hanna type at the head of a business men's movement to determine the course of law-making, simply shows that he does not know what time of day it is. As well propose Aldrich.

The difficulty with any plan of that kind is that the country has come profoundly to distrust the patriotic disinterestedness of certain kinds of business men. It has too often seen them going in for the old flag and an appropriation. Particularly in matters of tariff legislation has the rallying of "big business" to the aid of a political party, frequently been only the prelude to swinish demands by it after the election. How much weight does anybody suppose that the American Woollen Company could now add to an association of business men formed for the purpose of averting legislative attacks on commercial prosperity? A prime essential in any such movement is to stamp it with a guarantee that it is entirely without self-seeking. And everybody knows that certain names and interests could not be associated with it without damning it.

This is far from saying that there is nothing in the project, or that it might not be taken up to public advantage. We have had at least one conspicuous demonstration of the part which the solid and sober business interests of the nation may play in a great crisis. Business men's associations and campaign committees and parades were a common and striking feature of the Presidential election of 1896. And they had their due effect precisely because they were tainted by no selfish interest. Their organization and activity were professedly and actually for the purpose of averting a national peril. The business men who then bestirred themselves had, indeed, a stake in the result, but it was only the same stake that the wage-earner and the farmer had. None of them stood to gain or lose more than another. It was a genuinely patriotic movement. And the fact that it was non-partisan was a further pledge of its sincerity. Thousands upon thousands of Democratic business men marched in the great sound-money parades in 1896, and did so on the distinct understanding that they were putting the public weal above party.

For our part, we could but hail any well-reasoned attempt to give the great body of American business men more influence in our politics. There can be little question that they have not taken the place in our public life, or exercised the power, that might easily be theirs. This has been partly due to the fact that, except in such emergencies as the silver peril, they have been too little independent politically. They have allowed politicians to lead them by the nose. Nothing has been more common than to see merchants and brokers and bankers and manufacturers dividing mechanically on party lines. If they had been more independent it is reasonable to believe that they would have been more effective. And we hold it to be certain that if they would now unite to oppose "freak" legislation, to set themselves against any politician who gets up a taking "cry" merely in order to win votes, and to insist that the legitimate business interests of the country, and its social stability, should not be placed in jeopardy solely for the purposes of electioneering and agitation, they could wield an influence that would be wholesome and might easily be decisive. Only, they must see to it that their cause is properly placed before the public, without the fatal handicap of certain names or of the cynical motto: "Business is business."

THE CANADIAN REFUSAL.

The general election in Canada is one of those political events which bulk large on the instant and of which the far-reaching significance grows upon reflection. That it was the voice of the Canadian nation which spoke at the polls, there can be no question. No mere partisan management, no amount of artificial clamor, no effort by special interests, can account for such a startling political upheaval. Wholly unexpected, in any such magnitude, by the press or by news-gatherers or by the politicians of either party, it witnesses to a deep and pervasive feeling among the great masses of Canadian citizens who said very little but who voted in such decisive fashion. Nor is there any mistaking the nature of this feeling. It is that of national pride and national self-sufficiency. To all the evidences of this which Canada has given in recent years, she has now added the crowning demonstration of her desire and determination to work out her own destinies for herself, and to hold herself proudly aloof from anything which might even appear an entangling dependence upon her powerful neighbor to the south. Whether we like it or not, whether we think it a mistake or not, there stands

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the fact that the electors of 8,000,000 people have declared the national will.

That we regret this tumbling of Canadian reciprocity in a heap, it is needless to say. We have heartily favored the project as not only good in itself but as inevitably leading to the breaking down of superstitious notions about the protective tariff. It still seems clear to us that the reciprocity pact might have been agreed to by the two nations, to the advantage of both. But there is no gainsaying Canada's right to decide the matter for herself, nor can there be any questioning of the vigor and positiveness with which she has now made her decision known. All that is left for this country is to ask what is the lesson for us bitten in by this surprising Canadian election, and what we ought to do next.

First of all, we should read in this rebuff by the Canadian people a severe censure of the Administrations which have been in power in the United States for the past fifteen years, for having neglected the great opportunity to promote closer trade relations with Canada. Her representatives again and again approached the Washington authorities, but were steadily sent away empty-handed. No wonder that they fell back on their own resources and set about working out a national policy that should make reciprocity with the United States a matter of indifference to Canada. Too late our statesmen woke from their sleep. Secretary Root, on his visit to Ottawa during President Roosevelt's second term, found that we had no trade offers to make to Canada that she cared anything about. Finally, President Taft seized what he thought a lucky chance, but as it now plainly appears, the whole effort was tardy. While our protectionists had slumbered, Canada had grown into the consciousness of a self-sufficing nation. If to know the times and seasons be the mark of statesmanship, our rulers have shown themselves in this Canadian business wofully derelict. When they could have had reciprocity, they sniffed at it; when they at last grasped at it, they were too late to get it.

Another thing writ large in the Canadian election is the final collapse of the Republican pretence that the exactions and injustices of a protective tariff can be tempered by reciprocity. For years we have had this preached to us. The high duties might look unjustifiable in themselves, but only think what excellent "trading material" they were, and consider how they might be made the means of opening our markets in a way almost as effective as a tariff for revenue only. From McKinley to Dingley and Payne we have seen these delusive hopes held out. Somehow, reciprocity was to be a kind of salve to put on the high-tariff bruise. But in this supreme test of that theory, it has failed utterly. The country now sees that in the mingling of outrageous tariff taxes with reciprocity, what we finally get is no reciprocity and only an accentuation of the outrage.

The sure result of this bitter experience will be to give a new and great impetus to the movement to take our barbarous tariff laws in hand and strip them of legalized extortion and needless barriers to the flow of commerce. If we desire to open our markets to products that we need, the way to go about it is by general laws, applying to all alike, and not by some special contrivance which breaks like a reed in our hands. If we are to seek new supplies abroad and to look for an enlarged foreign demand for what we produce, we must go at the matter in a large and liberal way, giving up restricted and disappointing devices and striking out on broad lines of legislation to promote trade by removing artificial obstacles to it. Such tariff doctrines as the Democrats proclaimed and sought to live up to in the last session of Congress will now be felt to go more directly to the point than years of vain talk about reciprocity.

We have left to the last the most tragic aspect of the matter, and that is the terrible blow which the Canadian election has dealt President Taft. To him, both personally and politically, the effect for the moment must seem absolutely crushing. Here is the one independent and capital measure of his Administration struck down to the dust. For it he risked everything; rent his party in twain; was compelled to accept the aid of the Democrats; had to submit to the most bitter attacks. In other words, he attempted a bold stroke which, as a matter of political tactics, nothing but success could justify; wreaked himself in labor to assure success; and just as he had apparently won it, sees it dashed to the ground. It is a misfortune so overwhelming to its chief victim that one can think of little to-day but the pathetic situation in which he is left. Upon the party consequences, it would be easy, but is now a little premature, to speculate. Yet no one can be blind to the fact that the entire Republican outlook has been in a day thoroughly confused, and that no man can tell what 1912 will bring forth for that party, in the way of either candidate or programme. If Mr. Taft has the flexibility and the courage to strike out strongly for a tariff-reform policy which may in part make up for the awful fiasco of his reciprocity scheme, he may partly recover; but the general belief is to-day that the great Canadian refusal has given him a fatal hurt.

THE MEDITERRANEAN WAR CLOUD.

The sudden and emphatic manner in which the Italian Government has brought forward its claims to nearly half a million square miles of Turkish territory in North Africa is a direct result of developments in Morocco. It was not to be supposed that France would be allowed to obtain her prize without a demand for compensation by the other Mediterranean Powers. In so far as Spain is concerned, the French Government will have to make some accounting as soon as the German negotiations are out of the way. Italy's course has long been determined. For years Tripoli has been ear-marked as her own. In 1900 France, in a secret agreement that was subsequently communicated to the German and Austrian Governments, recognized Italy's predominant rights in the vast region between Tunis and Egypt and stretching indefinitely southward into the Sahara. The situation in the Central Mediterranean thus obviously differs from conditions in Morocco in that Italy need not anticipate interference on the part of any European Power. Her business is with Turkey alone.

This feeling that she is secure against European opposition probably explains the blunt way in which Italy has gone about the business. The classic excuse for acts of the kind has, of course, been made. Italy's overflow population demands an outlet, and Italy's "legitimate aspirations" point directly across the Mediterranean. The plea of population is nearly always plausible and nearly always a humbug. The Italian emigrant will not go to Tripoli so long as

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the way lies open to the United States, the Argentine, and the north of Europe. The wastes of North Africa cannot compete against the lure of high wages and easy prosperity which beckons across the Atlantic. It is conceivable that if Italian emigration to America should in some way be cut off, the tide might turn to the south. But until that happens, immigration, like most things in nature, will follow the lines of least resistance. In Tripoli, nearly everything must be created anew, agriculture, industry, the very soil almost. Italy may have men for the task, but she has not the capital; and the colonial game is expensive. United Italy may be prospering, but she is not yet in a position to give up drawing millions of dollars annually from her expatriated sons in America, and to begin pouring out millions instead.

The motives, therefore, behind the move upon Tripoli are those of international rivalry and prestige. In this year of the semi-centennial of the Italian kingdom, patriotic feeling may very well be at the point where an aggressive colonial policy will bring great popularity to the Minister behind it. But an aggressive colonial policy will also ruin a Ministry, as Francesco Crispi found out some fifteen years ago. And with the revolutionary spirit astir all over Europe, the outcome of an unsuccessful policy of adventure might prove fatal to throne and Cabinet alike. The Giolitti Government has undoubtedly weighed the risk. With the Italian fleet in command of the sea and a Turkish garrison of about 10,000 men to deal with in Tripoli, that province can easily enough be overrun. The question is what would happen if the Turkish Government wreaked vengeance on the Italians within the Ottoman Empire, and Italy were compelled to invade the Balkans. In that mountainous country and with the trained European regiments of Shefket Pasha to face, Italy might well take thought of what happened fifteen years ago in Abyssinia.

For the Government at Constantinople the situation is one of bitter difficulty. There is undoubted force in the contention that the Young Turk régime will be doomed if it consents to the further dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Turkish feeling against Italy has been peculiarly strong because of Italy's provocative policy in Albania. But, on the other hand, if submission would spell disaster to the Young Turks, an unsuccessful war would bring the same result. Hence the situation points to a probable desire on the part of both nations to avoid coming to blows. Italy would presumably be content with some recognition of her predominant rights in Tripoli that should be quite clear without amounting to a formal renunciation of sovereignty on the part of the Turkish Government. The Ottoman Government would consent to an arrangement that should leave intact its nominal rights to a territory whence it has drawn little revenue or indirect profit; the Turkish population in Tripoli is very small. The question of compensation would enter here. The rôle of peacemaker might very well be taken by Germany, whose interests as the ally of Italy and the particular friend of Turkey fit her for the task.

There is all the more reason for Germany to exercise her good offices in the matter because at the present time the friendship of the authorities at Constantinople is of great moment to German interests. The Baghdad railway has been making its way against British and French opposition. Other German enterprises in Asia Minor may expect to suffer if the present German ascendency at Constantinople should be destroyed and the British and French influence regain its former prestige. Such an outcome would be difficult to prevent if Germany, after permitting one of her allies to make way with Bosnia and Herzegovina, should now allow her other ally openly to gobble up Tripoli.

SPELLING AND LIFE.

A writer in the *Educational Review* discusses with what must seem to the layman great profundity the ways and means of correcting the bad spelling of the day. There is much talk of "end-organs," of "phonetic and associative elements" in the language; and the best method for creating the spelling memory is described in terms as elaborate as Polonius's favorite drama—the "motor-auditory-visual" method. But the writer would doubtless concede that the most significant words in the paper are those quoted from the despairing cry of a college freshman: "Anyway, if English is so bad we *can't* spell it, why do we have to try?" Spelling, it seems, along with the rest of our institutions, is not to be spared the muck-raking of youth. Why should a word be permitted to retain its accumulated, needless wealth of letters while mankind suffers for it? Why should not words, like any other sort of currency, be scientifically investigated and managed? And what's a word anyhow but a slave of thought? It is no longer possible, we are told, to shame a student for writing "goverment."

The attitude of the younger generation toward spelling, it will be observed, involves a question of larger bearings than those which the clamor for the phonetic system suggests. The problem that now confronts the age is one of over-developed broad-mindedness. We like to fancy that this is a great day for thinking things through, that nothing can pass unchallenged, that for a moment at least it must enter the spotlight of an insistent democracy and stand revealed. "What purpose does it serve?" has been asked again and again, not only of public policies, but of nearly every innocent whim as well. The collectors of rare books or coins, along with the man who removes his left shoe first, have been bidden to justify their conduct. Rarely has so much of life been turned over in a single decade as in the one just past. The teaching of Greek is attacked on the ground that it does no one any *real* good. You can't fool the layman nowadays. If he doesn't know what you are about, he asks you point blank and expects no hemming and hawing. Trust him to be intelligent enough to understand you! Little wonder that such broad-mindedness should show impatience in the presence of the freakish spelling which English flaunts, or should feel condescension toward the sticklers for such petty details.

Thinking things through is one thing and thinking them half-through is quite another. The chances are that those capable of the former, if they set about renovating life, would leave many customs and institutions almost untouched; and that the half-through thinkers would put the whole universe in a ferment. Their text would be, the old order changeth, the present age is like no age that has preceded it, and with a whoop the work of total reform would begin. The mild remonstrance that perhaps no single age is wise enough to criticise all past ages, and to prepare

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for all ages of the future, would probably provoke the reply: "Let the dead bury their dead and the future take care of itself." This is the stage which inevitably arrives when an entire people such as ours undertakes to have opinions on all subjects; a great deal of cerebration goes on, and the level of intelligence about the more obvious things of life grows to be very high; meantime it goes hard with any practice which has come into being by sinuous paths—English spelling, for instance.

Words, says the modern spirit, are merely arbitrary symbols and should be treated as such; reverence for their silly peculiarities shows small courage and a benighted mind. But this brings up the query, When is a symbol something more than a symbol, and who shall be the judge? Plenty of living philosophers would go so far as to say that life itself is but a symbol. Yes, but they are philosophers! However, churches are symbols, so is marriage a symbol, and baptism, and hundreds of other things which those who broad-mindedly refuse to spell correctly apparently hold dear. Casting a custom overboard merely because it is a symbol is pretty sure to play havoc. It is as easy to be broad-minded as it is to be narrow, but wisdom is in a fashion compounded of both elements. The man who clings to a tradition largely because it has perpetuated itself for centuries may do so blindly or because he has confidence in the judgment of the ages, even while not being able to explain the tradition now as anything more than a seemingly arbitrary symbol. With Francis Bacon we may insist that time is the true innovator, and that he is a risky reformer who breaks off the thread it spins with his everlasting challenge, "What's the good of it?"

One reason for feeling opposed to the modern spirit in the form referred to is the inconvenience which it causes. We frankly admit that we cannot justify to every Tom, Dick, and Harry our daily actions. In the process of trying we should be made a fool of easily enough. We really do prefer "precede" to "preceed." We like to be surrounded by books even when we have little time to open them; that situation symbolizes something or other, we are not quite sure what. And if the reader thinks that this is foolish, we grant that he is more broad-minded than we. Sometimes, however, the mind may be so broad that it is unable to focus on some of life's choicest bits.

HOME-SEEKING IN NEW YORK.

As September draws to an end, friends begin to congratulate you on your improved appearance. The fact is undeniable; you have perceptibly been casting off superfluous weight. Even the scoffers are convinced and ask how the thing is done. And when you say, "I have been hunting for an apartment," they say, "Why, of course." Most houses have elevators nowadays, but there are still miles of corridors to walk, and every apartment-house in the city has a view of which it is proud. Leaning out of a window to catch the view brings into play essentially the same set of muscles as stooping in the morning to touch the floor with the finger tips without bending the knees. Of course, merely protruding the head out of a window would not do the work. But fortunately the views to be had from New York apartment-houses are so situated as to call for the emergence of something more than the head and shoulders. Half an hour a day, spent in catching a view of the Hudson River, if kept up throughout the months of August and September, would undoubtedly settle the doctor's business. A view of Long Island Sound is to be more highly recommended because of the greater stress it exercises on the abdominal muscles, but there are not many apartment houses in New York city where this advantage is to be obtained. The same limitation applies to views of Grant's Tomb, the Columbus Monument, and the Sherman statue: such apartments are for the professional athlete only.

The serious drawback to the pleasurable pursuit of apartment-hunting is the unavoidable necessity of disappointing so many renting-agents. The renting agent is so buoyant, so optimistic, so invariably convinced that his rooms are the handsomest and cheapest in town, that sensitive people find it positively painful to disagree with him. An apartment-hunter of this sensitive type will often see at a first glance that the place will not suit at all. But he lacks the resolution to say so. He will allow himself to be conducted from room to room simulating enthusiasm. He will admire the panelling in the dining room and agree to the spaciousness of linen closets, searching all the time in his mind for the easiest way out. He usually musters up courage to say that the bedrooms are rather small. The anticipated look of pain spreads over the agent's face. He knows of two families on the same floor who have succeeded in getting into precisely the same sized bedrooms not only all the essential equipment for a sleeping-room, but an extraordinary amount of furniture of a kind that one would never think of putting into a chamber. The head of one of these families is in the fire-insurance business and the other apartment is occupied by a widowed lady from the South with her three sons. The agent offers to take you into the Southern lady's apartment and show you how *she* managed to dispose of her furniture. He is sure she would not object, provided she is not out shopping. The sensitive seeker, as a last desperate measure, says he will come back with his wife and let her decide. He escapes, but leaves self-respect behind him.

And sometimes even the sacrifice of self-respect will not avail the seeker. The agent is determined to please; he will make any changes that suggest themselves to the unhappy victim. The amount of reconstruction to which a determined renting-agent will consent is really amazing. He will tear down walls, he will insert doors, he will block up windows and hew out other windows. The victim can think of no idiosyncrasy to which his torturer will not consent. Does the seeker want to turn the library into a bedroom? Very well; by next Wednesday the library will be a bedroom and the rear bedroom will be a sitting-room and the sitting-room will be a dining-room. No considerations of cost are allowed to stand in the way. The immediate object of renting out a flat at a reasonable profit seems to have been lost in the overmastering desire to make this reluctant seeker hire an apartment that he does not like. It has ceased to be a matter of business with the renting-agent, and become a matter of art for art's sake, of joy in the battle for the mere lust of thrust and grapple and conquest, as Mr. Jack London might say. A renting-agent will change anything short of putting the third floor of his house below the second, and we don't know but that there may be agents who under

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sufficient provocation will renumber their floors, starting from the top and going down.

How is the unhappy seeker to tell this cheerful, eloquent demiurge that the trouble is not with the bedrooms, not with the size of the linen closets, not with the vacuum cleaners, but with the name emblazoned in letters of bronze over the iron portcullis by which one comes in from the street? He had entered without noticing the name; he first read it on the hall-boy's uniform: "The Tuileries." There it was again. For weeks he, a modest American citizen, and over-sensitive, had found his footsteps leading him among the memories of kings and emperors. He had rejected numberless handsome apartments because he could not think of coming home from his office to a bath and dinner at The Tuileries or at Buckingham Palace. The names were absurd in view of his daily occupation as a commission merchant dealing in butter and eggs. What if Philip II's Escorial had no telephones and the house on Riverside Drive has? What if Frederick's Sans Souci at Potsdam was unprovided with mail chutes? The seeker feels that he should never muster enough courage to ask a friend to drop in for dinner at the Parthenon, or the Vatican, or the Taj Mahal, or the Louvre. So he tells the renting-agent that he will bring his wife to decide, and slinks away.

NIETZSCHE.—II.

V.

Nietzsche's books are of the same character as his life, are indeed the very mirror of his soul. His writing is too often in a style of spasmodic commonplace, displaying a tortured effort to appear profound; but it is in places also singularly vivid, with the force of clinging epithet and picturesque exaggeration or grotesqueness. To one who dips into his works at random, they will seem dark and tangled. His manner of expressing himself in aphorisms and of uttering half truths in emphatic finality without proper reservations gives to his writing an appearance of complexity and groping uncertainty, if not of self-contradiction; but a little persistence in reading soon shows that his philosophy is extremely simple, and that he had in fact only a few ideas which he repeated in endlessly diversified language. Any one of his later books will afford a fairly complete view of his doctrine: it will be found pretty fully developed in "Beyond Good and Evil"; in "Zarathustra," on the whole the greatest of his works, it assumes a tone of lyrical egotism and prophetic brooding on his own destiny; in "The Will to Power" there is an attempt to reduce his scattered intentions to a logical system, but unfortunately that work was never finished, and is printed largely from his hasty notes. What probably first impresses one in any of these books is Nietzsche's violent antipathy to the past —"'It was'—so is named the Will's gnashing of teeth and loneliest tribulation; impotent before the thing that has been done, of all the past the Will is a malicious spectator." In this apparently sweeping condemnation of the past all that has been held sacred is denounced in language that sounds occasionally like the fury of a mad man. So he exclaims: "To the botching of mankind and the allowing of it to putrefy was given the name 'God'"; and to our long idealization of the eternal feminine he has only the brusque reply: "Thou goest to women? Forget not thy whip!"

But as we become better versed in Nietzsche's extreme manner of expression, we find that his condemnation of the past is by no means indiscriminate, that in truth his denunciations are directed to a particular aspect of history. In the classical world this distinction takes the form of a harsh and unreal contrast between the Dionysiac principle of unrest and growth and creation for which he expresses the highest regard, and the Apollonian principle of rest and renunciation and contraction for which, as Platonism, he has the deepest aversion. The same distinction really holds in his attitude toward religion, although here his feelings are not so clearly defined. For the Old Testament and its virile poetry, for instance, he admits great reverence, reserving his spleen for the New Testament and its faith. To understand him here we must remember that there were, in fact, two elements in Christianity as it developed in the earlier centuries: on the one hand the strong aspiring faith of a people in the vigor of youth and eager to bring into life fresh and unworn values, and, on the other hand, the depression and world-weariness which haunted the decadent heterogeneous people of Alexandria and the East. Now it is clear that for the former of these Nietzsche had no understanding, since it lay quite beyond his range of vision, whereas for the latter he had a very intimate understanding and a bitter detestation. Hence his almost unreserved rejection of Christianity as a product of corruption and race impurity.

> It is a mistake [he says in "The Will to Power"] to imagine that, with Christianity, an ingenuous and youthful people rose against an old culture. . . . Nothing can be understood of the psychology of Christianity, if it be supposed that it was the expression of revived youth among a people, or of the resuscitated strength of a race. It is rather a typical form of decadence, of moral softening, and of hysteria, amid a general hotch-potch of races and people that had lost all aims and had grown weary and sick. The wonderful company which gathered round this master seducer of the populace, would not be at all out of place in a Russian novel: all the diseases of the nerves seem to give one another a rendezvous in this crowd.

And elsewhere, he says, more generally:

> After having pondered over the physiology of exhaustion for some time, I was led to the question: to what extent the judgments of exhausted people had percolated into the world of values.
>
> The result at which I arrived was as startling as it could possibly be—even for one like myself who was already at home in many a strange world. I found that all prevailing values—that is to say, all those which had gained ascendency over humanity, or at least over its tamer portions, could be traced back to the judgment of exhausted people.

VI.

Now all this is the perfectly correct statement of a half-truth, as any one must admit who is familiar with the religious history of Alexandria; it is largely correct also as regards the romantic revival of Alexandrianism, which in Nietzsche's eyes made up the whole of modern Christianity. The fact is that his mind was really concerned with certain aspects of society as it existed about him, and his hostility to the past was not to the dead centuries in themselves, but to what remained over from them in the present—for what, after all, is there for any man in the past to hate or fear, except as it lives and will not be put away? In the sickness of his soul Nietzsche looked abroad over the Western world, and saw everywhere futility and purposelessness and pessimistic uncertainty of the values of life. An ideal, as he sees it, is embraced only when a man's grip on this world has been weakened, and in the end such supernatural ideals, as they are without foundation in fact, lose their hold on the human mind, and mankind, having sacrificed its sense of real values and having nursed the principle of decay, is left helpless and joyless. This condition he calls Nihilism. "People have not yet seen what is so terribly obvious," he says—"namely, that Pessimism is not a problem but a *symptom*—that the term ought to be replaced by 'Nihilism'; that the question, 'to be or not to be' is itself an illness, a sign of degeneracy, an idiosyncrasy." And in the first part of "The Will to Power" he unfolds this modern disease in all its hideousness. The restless activities of our life he interprets as so many attempts to escape from the gloom of purposeless-

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ness, as so many varieties of self-stupefaction. No one can read his list of these efforts without shuddering recollection of what decadent music and literature and painting have produced:

In one's heart of hearts, not to know, whither? Emptiness. The attempt to rise superior to it all by means of emotional intoxication: emotional intoxication in the form of music, in the form of cruelty, in the tragic joy over the ruin of the noblest, and in the form of blind, gushing enthusiasm over individual *men* or distinct *periods* (in the form of hatred, etc.). The attempt to work blindly, like a scientific instrument; to keep an eye on the many small joys, like an investigator, for instance (modesty toward one's self); the mysticism of the voluptuous *joy* of eternal emptiness; art "for art's sake" ("le fait"), "immaculate investigation," in the form of narcotics against the disgust of one's self; any kind of incessant work, *any* kind of small foolish fanaticism.

The attempt to maintain Christianity amidst a nihilistic society which has lost even its false ideals, can have only one result. As these ideals were evoked by the weaker and subject portion of the race, so when they have perished the only thing that remains is the humanitarian exaltation of the humble and common and undistinguished as a kind of simulacrum of Christianity, the unideal sympathy of man for man as a political law, the whole brood of socialistic schemes which are based on the notion of universal brotherhood. These, the immediate offspring of Rousseauism and German romanticism, are, Nietzsche believed, the actual religion of the world to-day; and against these, and against the past as the source of these, his diatribes are really directed. His protest is against "sympathy with the lowly and the suffering as a *standard* for the *elevation of the soul*."

Christianity [he exclaims] is a degenerative movement, consisting of all kinds of decaying and excremental elements. . . . It appeals to the disinherited everywhere; it consists of a foundation of resentment against all that is successful and dominant: it is in need of a symbol which represents the damnation of everything successful and dominant. It is opposed to every form of *intellectual* movement, to all philosophy; it takes up the cudgels for idiots, and utters a curse upon all intellect. Resentment against those who are gifted, learned, intellectually independent: in all these it suspects the elements of success and domination.

All this is merely Nietzsche's spasmodic way of depicting the uneasiness of the age, which has been the theme of innumerable poets of the nineteenth century—of Matthew Arnold, to take an instance, in his gloomy diagnosis of the modern soul. And to a certain point the cause of this Nihilism, to use Nietzsche's word, is the same for him as for Arnold. They both attribute it to the shattering of definite ideals that had so long ruled the world, and especially to the waning of religious faith. But here the two diagnosticians part company. Arnold looked for health to the establishing of new ideals and to the growth of a fresh and sounder faith in the Eternal, though he may have failed in his attempt to define this new faith. Nietzsche, on the contrary, regarded all ideals and all faith as themselves a product of decadence and the sure cause of deeper decay. "Abjection, evasion, joyous distrust, and love of irony," he says, "are signs of health; everything absolute belongs to pathology." Nihilism, as the first consequence of the loss of ideals, may be a state of hideous anarchy, but it is also the necessary transition to health. If, instead of relapsing into the idealistic source of evil, the eyes of mankind are strengthened to look boldly at the facts of existence, then will take place what he calls the Transvaluation of all Values, and truth will be founded on the naked, imperishable reality. There is no eternal calm at the centre of this moving universe; "all is flux"; there is nothing real "but our world of desires and passions," and "we cannot sink or rise to any other 'reality' save just the reality of our impulses—for thinking itself is only a relation of these impulses to one another." So be it! When a man has faced this truth calmly and bravely and definitely, then the whole system of morality which has been imposed upon society by those who regarded life as subordinate to an eternal ideal outside of the flux and contrary to the stream of human desires and passions—then the whole law of good and evil which was evolved by the weak to protect themselves against those who were fitted to live masterfully in the flux, crumbles away: that man, in Nietzsche's phrase, has passed Beyond Good and Evil.

Mankind is thus liberated from the herd-law, the false values have been swept away, but what new values take their place? The answer to this question Nietzsche found by going to Darwinism and raising the evolutionary struggle for existence into new significance; he would call it, not the Schopenhauerian will to live, but the Will to Power. He thus expresses the new theory in the mouth of Zarathustra:

Wherever I found a living thing, there found I Will to Power; and even in the will of the servant found I the will to be master. . . .

And this secret spake Life herself unto me. "Behold," said she, "I am that which must ever surpass itself." . . .

He certainly did not hit the truth who shot at it the formula: "Will to Existence": that will—doth not exist!

For that which is not, cannot will; that, however, which is in existence—how could it still strive for existence!

Only where there is life, is there also will: not, however, Will to Life, but—so teach I thee—Will to Power!

This is Nietzsche's transvaluation of all values, the change from the morality of good and evil depending on a supernatural ideal to the non-morality of the purely natural Will to Power. And as the former idealism resulted in the suppression of distinction and in the supremacy of the feeble, so the régime of the Will to Power must restore to society the sharp division of those who have power and those who have not, the true philosophers who have the instinct to surpass and the slaves whose function it is to serve and obey. The philosopher, to use Nietzsche's famous term, is the Superman, the *Uebermensch*. He has passed beyond good and evil, and Nietzsche often describes him in language which implies the grossest immorality; but this is merely an iconoclast's way of emphasizing the contrast between his perfect man and the old ideal of the saint, and it would be unfair to take these ebullitions of temper quite literally. The image of the Superman is, in fact, left in the hazy uncertainty of the future; the only thing certain about him is his complete immersion in nature, and his office to raise the level of society by rising on the shoulders of those who do the menial work of the world. At the last analysis the Superman is merely a negation of humanitarian sympathy and the socialistic state of indistinguished equality.

VII.

Nietzsche's conception of the Will to Power may seem to have brought us back by a long circuit to Hobbes's definition of human nature as "a perpetual and restless desire of power after power that ceaseth only in death"; but in reality there is a whole world between the two. In the levelling principles against which Hobbes directed his theory of government there was little or nothing of that notion of sympathy which is rooted in Locke's naturalism and has its flower in German romanticism; nor, on the other hand, is there in the Hobbian picture of the natural state of mankind as a warfare of self-interests any touch of that morbid exaltation of the ego which developed as an inevitable concomitant of romantic sympathy. There is, in fact, a colossal self-deception at the heart of Nietzsche's philosophy, which has no counterpart in Hobbism, and to which we shall find no key unless we bear in mind this long and regular growth of ideas from Locke to the present day. Nietzsche looked upon himself as, if not the actual Superman, at least an imperfect type of what the Superman was to be: he thought of his rebellion as an exemplification of the Will to Power; whereas the hated taint of decadence had struck deep into his body and mind, while his years of philosophizing were one long fretful disease. He has himself, with

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the intermittent clairvoyance of the morbid brain, pointed to the confusion of phenomena which has led his followers to admire his intellectual productivity as a proof of fundamental health:

> History discloses the terrible fact that the exhausted have always been *confounded* with those of the most abundant resources. . . . How is this confusion possible? When he who was exhausted stood forth with the bearing of a highly active and energetic man (when degeneration implied a certain excess of spiritual and nervous discharge), he was *mistaken* for the resourceful man. He inspired terror.

By a similar illusion Nietzsche regarded the self-assertive Superman as a true reaction against the prevalent man of sympathy and a cure for the disease of the age. That much of Nietzsche's protest against the excesses of humanitarianism was sound and well-directed, I for one am quite ready to admit. He saw, as few other men of our day have seen, the danger that threatens true progress in any system of education and government which makes the advantage of the average rather than the distinguished man its first object. But the cure Nietzsche proposed for these evils was itself a part of the malady. The Superman, in other words, is a product of the same naturalism which produced the evil it would counteract; it is the last and most violent expression of the egotism, or self-interest, which Hume and all his followers balanced with sympathy as the two springs of human action. Sympathy, as we saw, gradually usurped the place of self-interest as the recognized motive of virtue and source of happiness, but here this strange thing will be observed: where sympathy has been proclaimed most loudly in theory, self-interest has often been most dominant in practice. Sympathy first came to excess in the sentimental school, and the sentimentalists were notorious for their morbid egotism. There may be some injustice to Sterne in Byron's sneering remark that he preferred weeping over a dead ass to relieving the want of a living mother, but in a general way it hits exactly the character of which the author of the "Sentimental Journey" was a type. I came by chance the other day upon a passage in an anonymous book of that age, which expresses this contrast of theory and practice in the clearest terms:

> By this system of things [that is, the sentimental system] it is that strict justice is made to give way to transient fits of generosity; and a *benevolent* turn of mind supplants rigid integrity. The sympathetic heart, not being able to behold misery without a starting tear of compassion, is allowed, by the general suffrage, to atone for a thousand careless actions, which infallibly bring misery with them. In *commercial* life, the Rich oppress the poor, and contribute to hospitals; a monopolizer renders thousands and tens of thousands destitute in the course of traffic; but cheerfully solicits or encourages subscriptions to alleviate their distress.*

As for Rousseau, the great apostle of humanity, it is notorious that the principal trait of his disposition was an egotism which made it impossible for him to live at peace with his fellow men. "Benevolence to the whole species," said Burke, having Rousseau in mind, "and want of feeling for every individual with whom the professors come in contact, form the character of the new philosophy." No one who has read the annals of the romantic group of Germany need be told how their pantheistic philosophy was contradicted by the utterly impractical individualism of their lives.

The truth is this inconsistency is inherent in the very principles of romantic naturalism. In a world made up of passions and desires alone, the attempt to enter into the personal emotions of others will react in an intensifying of our own emotions, and the effort to lose oneself in mankind will be balanced by a morbid craving for the absorption of mankind in oneself. The harsh contrast of sympathy and egotism is thus an inevitable consequence of romanticism, nor is it a mere chance that Tolstoy, with his exaltation of Rousseauism and of absolute non-resistance and universal brotherhood, should have been a contemporary of a philosopher who made Napoleon his ideal and preached war and the Superman as the healthy condition of society. Nietzsche himself, in one of his moments of insight, recognizes this coexistence of extremes as a sign of decadence. That they spring from the same source is shown by the unexpected resemblance they often display beneath their superficial opposition. Perhaps the book that comes closest to "Zarathustra" in its fundamental tone is just the "Leaves of Grass," which in its avowed philosophy of life would seem to stand at the remotest distance. Nietzsche denounces all levelling processes and proclaims a society based frankly on differences of power; Walt Whitman, on the contrary, denies all differences whatsoever, and glorifies an absolute equality: yet as both start from the pure flux of naturalism, so they both pass through a denial of the distinction of good and evil based on the old ideals, and end in an egotism which brings aristocrat and democrat together in a strange and unwilling brotherhood.

VIII.

To any one caught in this net, life must be a one-sided fanaticism or a condition of vacillating unrest. The great tragedy of Nietzsche's existence was due to the fact that, while he perceived the danger into which he had fallen, yet his struggles to escape only entangled him more desperately in the fatal mesh. His boasted transvaluation of all values was in reality a complete devaluation, if I may coin the word, leaving him more deeply immersed in the Nihilism which he exposed as the prime evil of modern civilization. With Hume and the romantic naturalists he threw away both the reason and the intuition into any superrational ideal beyond the stream of desires and passions and impulses. He looked into his own heart and into the world of phenomena, and beheld there a ceaseless ebb and flow, without beginning, without end, and without meaning. The only law that he could discover, the only rest for the mind, was some dimly foreseen return of all things back into their primordial state, to start afresh on the same blind course of chance—the Eternal Recurrence, he called it. "No doubt," he once wrote, "there is a far-off, invisible, and prodigious cycle which gives a common law to our little divagations: let us uplift ourselves to this thought! But our life is too short, our vision too feeble; we must content ourselves with this sublime possibility." At times he represents the courage to look undismayed into this ever-turning wheel as the test that distinguishes the Superman from the herd. And this is all Nietzsche could give to mankind by his Will to Power and his Transvaluation of all Values—the will to endure the vision of endless, purposeless mutation, the strength to accomplish —absolutely nothing. More than once he admits that the last temptation of the Superman is grief for a race revolving helplessly in this cycle of change. As for himself, what he found in his philosophy, what followed him in the end into the dark descents of madness, is told in the haunting vision of The Shadow in the last section of "Zarathustra":

> "Have I—yet a goal? A haven toward which *my* sail is set?
>
> "A good wind? Alas, he only who knoweth *whither* he saileth, knoweth also what wind is good and a fair wind for him.
>
> "What still remaineth to me? A heart weary and flippant; a wandering will; fluttering wings; a broken spine.
>
> "This seeking for my home: ah Zarathustra, knowest thou well, this seeking hath been my home-sickening; it devoureth me.
>
> "Where is—*my* home? For it I ask and seek and have sought, but have not found it. Oh eternal everywhere, oh eternal nowhere, oh eternal—in-vain!"
>
> Thus spake the Shadow, and Zarathustra's countenance grew longer at his words. "Thou art my Shadow!" said he at last with sadness.

The end of it is the clamor of naturalism at war with itself and struggling to escape from its own laws. As I leave Nietzsche I think of the tragedy of Sophocles in which Heracles is represented as writhing in the embrace of the Nessus-shirt he has himself put on,

**John Buncle, Junior, Gentleman.* 2 volumes. London: 1776, 1778. The hero is supposed to be the son of Amory's *John Buncle.*

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and rending his own flesh in a vain effort to escape its poisonous web.

P. E. M.

Correspondence

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CRIMINAL LAW AND CRIMINOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I offer a correction of a misconception implied in one passage of your review (August 3) of certain treatises in the Modern Criminal Science Series? The learned reviewer quotes a remark of Professor Gross: "Whenever people delayed in establishing the right thing, and then suddenly tried for it, they went in their haste, too far"; and then suggests that "this might be recommended to the consideration of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology," whose committee is responsible for the above series of books. I desire to explain, to those of your readers who are not familiar with the work of the Institute, that its methods are, and have been from the beginning, entirely in accord with the reviewer's cautionary spirit. The Institute's officers stand with him in opposing the hasty reformer. They represent precisely that body of intelligent opinion which desires to emphasize careful and extensive investigation before advocating any remedy, however plausible. The mere enumeration of its committees of research, who have before them the plans for years of cautious labor, would sufficiently show this. But the Institute has two depressing obstacles, of huge extent, but of opposite character. One is this haste of well-meaning reformers to plunge into experiments, fads, nostrums, sentimental futilities, and theoretic impossibilities. The other is the stolid resistance of philistinism, which is unwilling to join in the work, but is ready to sneer at the workers. The earmarks of the latter class are seen in your reviewer's unjust insinuation upon the Institute. Its work he can certainly never have really investigated.

The Institute has ventured to regard its work as one of science. But your reviewer, in placing "scientific" and "modern science" in quotation marks, whenever he alludes to that supposed aspect of the works reviewed by him, must surely be unfamiliar with the status of the men who lead the work in Europe. Of the authors represented in the Modern Criminal Science Series, the lawyers alone would command the respect of the bar and bench in any country. Garofalo is chief justice of the Court of Appeals at Naples, and a national Senator; Ferri is professor of criminal law at Rome; Saleilles is one of the half-dozen greatest French jurists of this generation; Tarde was a magistrate, and one of the world's great psychologists; Gross is, of course, the best-known criminal magistrate in Europe, and a professor of criminal law. How can such men's best work be sneered at, by quotation marks for its "science," without raising a question as to the critic's own standards?

And I must confidently assert that the reviewer has in this case not given the honor of perusal to the general body of literature which he repudiates. For an example, take his main accusation, that modern criminal science "leaves motive out of account," "represents every conceivable factor but that of intelligible human motive." On the contrary, I should have said that it precisely did consider individual motive as the ultimate crux of all theories in their practical administration. For the Continental literature, Saleilles and Garofalo (authors later on the list in the series) are sufficient examples. For American methods, a notable example is the superb work of Dr. Healy, director of the Juvenile Psychopathic Institute, at the Juvenile Court in Chicago (described in the *Journal of the Institute*, Vol. I, p. 50); in the Boston and New York probation officers' work, and in Mr. Smithers's analysis of the pardoning power in Pennsylvania (all noticed in the *Journal's* pages). Modern criminal science does not break with facts, even though reviewers may wish to break with modern "science."

Crime is the costliest curse of civilization. The American Institute does not commit itself either to new theories or to ancient prejudices about crime. But it does expect to unite both conservatives and innovators alike in the serious and sympathetic endeavor to discover the most efficient methods of carrying on the world-old struggle for the repression of crime. It asks simply that the same spirit of scientific research which in the last two generations has revolutionized natural science and industrial production shall now also be applied in the field of crime.

John H. Wigmore.

Former president of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology.

Chicago, August 26.

[Professor Wigmore would probably assent to the distinction between the exact sciences, such as physics and chemistry, and in a minor degree biology, which can rely very largely upon definite scientific methods, and the inexact sciences, such as economics, psychology, sociology, and anthropology, in which, however methodical the investigation, the value of the result is derived mostly from the power of judgment of the scientist, developed through knowledge and training. We did not deny that a criminologist may hold a dignified place among scientists of the latter sort—read the review of Gross; and we refrained from passing judgment in detail upon any but the writers before us. But we also abstained from using the name of scientist, just because the indiscriminate use of this name ignores a radical difference of method. Fifty years ago all studies depending largely upon personal intelligence were more accurately distinguished as "philosophy." Now, the failure to observe this difference is "science." The use of these offensive quotation marks is to indicate a study of the second sort which, having set up a scientific terminology of "laws" or "types" and an apparatus of metrics and statistics, proceeds forthwith, on the basis of its good intentions, without inquiring how far it has reached exact results, or how far (in a study of human nature) such results will ever be possible, to claim rank with the exact sciences and, on the basis of such naïve conception as "defective altruism" and "moral insanity," to make merry over philosophy. There is some of this "science" in biology, more of it in psychology and anthropology, but the most notorious illustrations are to be found in criminology, and the best in Lombroso, while the more judicious Ferri and Garofalo are not exempt from it. An extreme, though less important, illustration is De Quirós.

A careful reading of our review will show that these offensive quotation-marks were called forth by "the calm confidence of the General Introduction, together with the list of works," which, as just said, represents a very variable quality of science. Of this variable quality Mr. Smithers gives us not a hint. There are suggestions of "various schools," and of a period of experimentation which European thinkers "have passed through"! but not a word to suggest that Lombroso, at least, belongs to that period while Ferri and Garofalo retain the marks of it, and that De Quirós is a startling representative of its type of thought. All is presented to the public calmly as "results." It then became the duty of the reviewer to show the variable quality of those results.

Following the order of judicial procedure, Professor Wigmore leaves us to call our own witnesses. We shall therefore first call Professor Wigmore to testify that in the letter before us he says nothing of Lombroso and De Quirós. Next, Professor Gross to testify (p. 10 of his "Criminal Psychology") that the sentence which we have recommended to the consideration of the American Institute was a warning against the methods of "science" practised by the Lombrosists, including, we presume, Ferri and Garofalo. Next, Prof. Maurice Parmelee, a member of the Committee on Translations, to testify that, in his scholarly Introduction to Lombroso's work, he has recommended him chiefly, if not exclusively, as an interesting pioneer. Next, Professor Parmelee again, to confess that he, a member of the Committee on Translations, in his review of De Quirós in the *Journal of the American Institute* (note the journal), condemned that work, less vehemently perhaps, but in the same terms, and not less completely than ourselves. Finally, we shall call Professor Wigmore once more to rehearse his delightful cross-examination of Münsterberg in the *Illinois Law Review* of February, 1909, in which he put "science"—our "science"—in a far tighter box than mere quotation-marks. Surely, Professor Wigmore knows the meaning of "science."

It is encouraging to learn that crim-

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inologists are studying motives, but this does not invalidate our assertion that the opposite is characteristic of criminal science, nor does it accord well with the principles announced in the General Introduction. Who, asks Gross, in the question quoted in our review and apparently ignored by Professor Wigmore, who studies the world-views of criminals? In other words, who studies the *reasons*, or *motives*, of crime? Mr. Smithers replies to the effect that crime, like disease, is a question, not of motives, which express the will of the criminal, but of *causes* which lie beyond his will; and he holds that this principle is fundamental for criminal science.—THE REVIEWER.]

THE STUDENTS OF VIRGINIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 14 appears an editorial, "The College and the Making of Men," very appreciative of the work and record of Washington and Lee University.

Your general position seems to be that, if a college makes men, it is because of the "atmosphere" surrounding the college, and of the teaching capacity of the faculty.

Both of these are, of course, important elements in the training of mind, and in the moulding of character. But to ascribe to them all the credit would involve the omission of the influence of heredity. A brilliant writer has recently said:

> The college does not make the man. If men have come out of any particular college it is because men have gone into it.

This means that the work which a college does is largely dependent upon the quality of the men who are enrolled as students, and this in turn is determined in great measure by the character of the population from which those students come. Thus, the result is the product of three factors—the traditions, the teachers, and the taught. Even Mark Hopkins at one end of the log would get poor results if the students at the other end were not of the right stuff, and the "make-up" of the student is largely determined, as has been said, by the physical, mental, and moral traits of his forebears. If this is true, the facts recorded in your editorial speak well for the character and capacity of the people from whom the students of Washington and Lee University have come. The same test applied to all the colleges of Virginia would show the presence of a population ranking high in the qualities of mind and heart; for all can boast many alumni who reflect honor upon their respective colleges and upon the people from whom these colleges draw their support.

To take a specific case, that of Hampden-Sidney College, the point is made clear by a reference to the general Alumni Catalogue. The summary (p. 171) shows the number of students listed to 1906 to be 3,595, though—the records being incomplete—this is much below the correct total. Of this number, one was President of the United States, four were ministers to foreign countries, ten were members of the United States Senate, twenty-two were members of the United States House of Representatives, eight have been Governors of States. In addition there have been scores of judges, generals, college presidents, and men distinguished in all walks of life. Nor has this been true in the distant past only. The good work goes on. Of her living alumni, two are presidents of important universities (Washington and Lee, and Cincinnati), six are presidents of colleges, 245 are honored ministers of the gospel. Of the general State officers in Virginia to-day the State chemist, the State librarian, the State superintendent of public instruction, the secretary of the commonwealth, the lieutenant-governor, and the Governor are all alumni of Hampden-Sidney. In a review of the Alumni Catalogue, the *Manufacturers' Record* says:

> It would be difficult if, indeed, possible, to match the conspicuous record of ability and public service thus indicated for Hampden-Sidney by that of any other college of like size and length of life. . . . History would lack much were it not for the record of the work of Hampden-Sidney men, not merely in the lofty positions upon which the public eye is usually directed in estimating deeds, but in the more quiet, but none the less influential, places occupied by teachers of men, whether ministers of the Gospel, college professors, physicians, or lawyers.

All of which not only proves the value of the small college, but also goes to show, if the position taken above is correct, that the parents in Virginia who in the past 150 years have educated their sons, have been people of strong intellectual fibre and of unusual moral force.

WM. H. WHITING, JR.

Hampden-Sidney, Va., September 20.

THE UNCLE FROM AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has been stated in a recent article by Dr. Max Wolff (*Der Türmer*, October, 1910, p. 124) that this uncle of international fame originated with Molière in his "École des femmes." The following quotation from Cornacchini's "Gl' Inganni," Venezia, 1605, p. 54, will show, however, that the great French dramatist was anticipated: "M. Francesco fratello di M. Prospero quello che pose quei danari sù Saluiati, quando tornò dell' Indie doue era stato assai tempo, donò il tutto alla Cognata, *con condizione* che dopò la morte di lei fussero della prima figliuola, che l'hauesse, che fù la Liuia."

The same play contains the expression *senza dote* rendered famous by Molière.

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., September 18.

A CUD FOR PUBLISHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Rotten pictures, and they spoiled the whole story, so I took them all out." The above caustic legend, pencilled in a firm hand over the "list of illustrations" in a popular novel, was found recently in a public library book. True to his word, the censor had collated the book faithfully, and knifed all the thirteen plates with perfect precision. However reprehensible, as an act of mutilation, such a method of criticism may be thought, will not its utter ingenuousness set the publisher to thinking again about the illustrations which he puts into his books, particularly novels? Whereas the marring of good books by needless and inappropriate pictures is a matter of everyday comment, the novel-reader will have to cudgel his wits to produce a single instance in which a piece of fiction, of recent years, has been distinctly improved by the artist's touch.

ROBERT K. SHAW.

Worcester, Mass., September 19.

Literature

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

The Letters of Richard Henry Lee. Collected and edited by James Curtis Ballagh, Ph.D., LL.D., associate professor of history in the Johns Hopkins University. Vol. I. 1762-1778. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Although Lee was one of the important leaders in the Revolution, scarcely any of his correspondence has hitherto been available for the purposes of the historian. Most of the letters that have appeared are now largely inaccessible, in such journals as the *Southern Literary Messenger*, besides being printed from unreliable texts. The few accurately printed letters which exist are to be found in Henry's "Patrick Henry," and in such collections as the Charles Lee Papers and the Deane Papers. Professor Ballagh has, therefore, done an excellent thing in collecting and editing the letters—in all about 500. The mere search has been a difficult task, for it appears that Lee kept few copies. Professor Ballagh has given us a detailed list of the collections of manuscripts where letters have been found, as well as of those libraries in which fruitless search was made; and one is left with the impression that if there are any of Lee's letters which he has not seen, the number of them must be small or their hiding place secure. The editing has been carefully done. In the notes, the editor has confined himself, too strictly, perhaps, to the task of indicating the exact location and character of each letter. He has apparently made no modification in the text, either in punctuation, spelling, abbreviation, or capitalizing. Certainly, an editor should exercise great caution in handling a text, but it hardly seems worth while to carry fidelity to the extent of printing, for example, "cOmplaisance."

In one respect, the letters themselves are disappointing, for they throw little light upon that part of the revolutionary movement which has been least studied, and which, in many respects, best repays careful study—the period of beginnings from 1765 to 1775. Of the 250 letters contained in the first volume, only about sixty-five fall within the twelve years from 1762 to 1774, while the remainder fall within the four years from the beginning of 1775 to the close of 1778. But even the letters dating from the earlier period are disappoint-

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ing if one is looking for light on the controversy with England; they help us to understand neither the economic basis of the colonial opposition nor the fundamental social and political differences among the colonists themselves. We hear much about the "Minions of Tyranny" on the one hand, and of the brave and generous defenders of "virtuous Liberty" on the other, but Lee scarcely ever condescends to discuss the merits of the question. Once, indeed, after the war was well under way, he is rather put to it to explain to his sister why unrepresented widows with property should be taxed to carry on a war in support of the principle that representation and taxation should never be separated (p. 392).

The silence of Lee upon these points was probably deliberate. The belief that England would not press matters if the colonies put up a bold and united front was wide-spread, and it was certainly one of the important factors in bringing on the war. The colonial leaders were quite as often occupied with the probable effect upon England of whatever demands they might make, as they were with determining what demands precisely they were justified in making. In his famous reply to Seabury, Hamilton naïvely justified the action of the first Continental Congress upon the ground that it would probably succeed; and, in the same Congress Lee himself favored a bold stand because he thought it would result in immediate redress, otherwise "he should be for exceptions." ("Works of John Adams," II, 362.) It was part of the game to make it appear that there was no justification whatever for the English measures, and that the colonists were unanimous in opposing them. "The truth is, Sir, that we have only to be cool, firm, and united, to secure as well ourselves, as our fellow Subjects beyond the Water, from a systematic plan of despotism" (p. 108). In this belief, Lee was confirmed by letters from England which stated that the Opposition would shortly triumph and oppressive measures be at an end. And even after the war began he appears to have thought it would not last long. "You no doubt will have a ship here as early as any other," he writes to William Lee, September 5, 1775, "when we are so fortunate as to have peace again restored."

As a member of the Continental Congress Lee was certainly in a position to furnish information about the State and party rivalries that steadily tended to weaken that body. Yet the letters contain virtually nothing about these matters. He speaks of the unanimity of the first Congress, whereas we know perfectly that there was anything but unanimity. Asked why Congress delays so long on the question of independence, he does indeed say "because we are heavily clogged with instructions from those shamefully interested proprietary people, and these will continue until Virginia sets the example of . . . sending peremptory orders to their delegates" (p. 182). Of the necessity of declaring independence Lee has much to say, and the letters confirm what we already know about the forces that led to that result. The truth is that the non-intercourse policy was more disastrous to America than to England: independence, which would open the ports of Europe, was the only alternative to submission and resumption of trade with England. "No state in Europe will either treat or trade with us so long as we consider ourselves subjects of Great Britain. . . . The war cannot long be prosecuted without Trade, nor can Taxes be paid, until we are enabled to sell our produce, which cannot be without the help of foreign ships. . . . Our clearest interest, therefore, our very existence as freemen, requires that we take decisive steps now" (p. 178). Besides, independence would end the anomalous status of the colonial governments, and enable them to employ more forcible measures to restore order and collect taxes. Of the necessity of taxes he was well aware; he was also aware that by converting landed property into money the amount of taxes one would have to pay would be materially lessened (p. 382).

The sequel of independence was, of course, the French alliance, and Lee was constantly urging it. With the close of 1776 his confidence in a successful issue of the war declined. "It ought not to be forgotten," he writes to Arthur Lee, April 20, 1777, "that the simple strength of North America opposed to the united force of Great Britain and her allies may prove an unequal contest, and should not be trusted too far. The difficulty of finding funds whilst our trade is shut up . . . is very distressing" (p. 278). Nor was the difficulty purely a public one. "Heaven knows what I shall do about making remittance whilst our Trade continues so obstructed by British Cruisers" (p. 280). About the negotiations with France the letters, so far as the first volume is concerned, tell us almost nothing. Lee must have been fully informed of Arthur Lee's side of the story, but there is almost no reflection of it in these letters. We do, indeed, learn that Silas Deane was a scoundrel, and although nothing is said of Franklin, we are left to infer that the business would go on better if John Adams were sent over.

Many of the letters, particularly those to William and Arthur Lee, are concerned with private matters. Lee seems to have been pressed for money most of the time, and there are infinite details about the management of the estate, the value of the crops, and the export of tobacco. According to custom, his boys were placed at school in England, and we get an idea of what boys of that class were expected to learn, and of the minimum cost of having them learn it in England. Whatever the inconveniences of modern life may be, there were some in those days which we do not experience. Few of us assuredly would cultivate our gardens, at least in the literal sense, if it were necessary to write to England in order to procure a good hoe. And what would the modern professor think of having his spectacles fitted at a distance of three thousand miles! "I pray you to procure me a pair of the best Temple spectacles that can be had," he writes to Arthur Lee. "In fitting these perhaps it may be proper to remember that my age is forty-six, that my eyes are light-colored, and have been quick and strong. . . . My head thin between the temples." Well, perhaps they enjoyed life even without the expert.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Iron Woman. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Morally, this story might be described as the influence upon a younger generation of two mature women: one is the Iron Woman herself, a widow who has been left in charge of a foundry, and whose nature has been harshly divided into the stern energetic mastery of men and business and the starved, concealed cravings of maternity; the other is the awakened Helena Richie, who through sin and renunciation has come to understand the hidden values of life. The younger generation which moves within the circle of their influence consists of four persons: the son and the step-daughter of the Iron Woman, the niece of her head man, and the adopted son of Mrs. Richie. The step-daughter is a shadowy, clinging creature who hangs on the fringe of the story; the real plot revolves about the love of the two men for the niece, who is a being of pure impulse, instinctively noble but subject to wayward bursts of passion. Owing to division in her character the Iron Woman lavishes all her maternal nature on her son, without interference of her practical nature which is absorbed in business, and without the power of awakening filial love in return. The genial weakness of her son and the resolute strength of Mrs. Richie's son play upon the impulsive nature of the heroine with tragic results.

The characterization, though somewhat forced at times, is consistently carried out, the situations are dramatically developed. If there is failure anywhere it is in the climax, where the influence of Mrs. Richie resolves what has become an impossible tangle. She is herself the creation of Dr. Lavendar, or, rather, the channel through which Dr. Lavendar's virtue is extended to lives beyond

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his ken; and this distance from the centre of power seems to show itself in a weakening of the artist's grasp. Mrs. Richie nowhere appears very real, and her self-revelation at the end is clumsily done. Her remoteness is intensified by the strong characterization of the Iron Woman, a masterly, if somewhat roughly drawn, portrait. Perhaps the best part of the book is the description of the childhood of the four actors, with its foreshadowing of the parts they are to play when the passions of life are stirred.

The Larger Growth. By Constance Smedley Armfield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The tyranny of the domestic hearth is the theme of the present family chronology, which gives evidence of being inspired by the nine hundred-odd pages that Arnold Bennett has devoted to the uneventful history of Edwin Clayhanger. The resemblance is by no means thoroughgoing. The very fact that there is a theme distinguishes the book sharply from Mr. Bennett's experiment in minute psychology for its own sake. The method, too, is different. Where Mr. Bennett gives us a trickle of dialogue to solid chapters of exposition, Mrs. Armfield supplies us with copious portions of talk; and the result indicates that where one wishes to be minute and untheatrical, exposition is safer than conversation. However, in a quiet way the history of the Maddox family, stretching over a period of some twenty years, is made clear enough. Neither father nor mother could see why the two sons and the elder daughter should long for broader horizons than the four walls of the family best-room, with its blue rep furniture in covers. They learn why; at the cost of a fair amount of pain, but without passing through tragedy. Our author takes a great deal of trouble with the elder daughter, Jessica; but Jessica is not as real as either of her brothers, Charles the stolid and Edgar the artistic and wavering. Real, too, are Isadora Bent and Lettice Lacy, in whom is embodied the truth that differences of temperament and station leave women very much alike in the face of a man about to make a proposal and a man about to break an engagement. This little story, like bigger books that try to be transcriptions from life, proves that while the faithful stenographic report may edify it is still the dramatic and the romantic element that moves us.

Children of To-morrow. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The reader who is not painfully on the lookout for greatness in the American novel should be well pleased with this story. It moves of itself: it concerns real people, who are interesting both as individuals and as types. The style has no distinction, but it is a good, honest, straightforward style, which serves the purpose very well. The action begins in the "executive mansion" of a State not named but not far from Coney Island. The Governor, Lyman Innes, finds himself in a hard place. He is a man of principle, and cannot conceal the fact of his sympathy for the participants in a great strike which is going on in his State. The leaders of the party which has elected him Governor are on the other side, and do their utmost to make him call out the militia for the suppression of the strikers. The Governor stands alone; even his wife, a purely worldly woman, is against him. And at this moment fate throws in his way a woman who does understand and sympathize. They come to love each other deeply and without blame; but both are married and circumstances make a sordid coil of their relation, and bring it to a pitiful end. The Governor is assassinated by the woman's husband. But the act goes down in history as a political crime, and the Governor's memory is unsmirched: his death does much for the cause of the oppressed for whom he is supposed to have died. This is the prologue of the novel proper, which has to do with the second generation. The action has shifted to New York. The Governor's sons and daughter are grown up and successfully busy, though as yet unmarried and living together. One is a literary editor, one an actor—they are of that social sort which is still, against all protests, known as "Bohemian." Into their lives, under a changed name, comes the woman who was indirectly the cause of their father's death. There are, it will be seen, elements of melodrama in the plot, but the book has a value independent of its incidents—in its sincere and often vivid presentations of New York life as it is lived by the workers and dreamers in contrast to the spenders.

The Secret Garden. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This is a story about children and for children which adults may read with pleasure and profit. If two of the three children concerned have been brought up under conditions both distorted and morbid, the getting out of the shadows is accomplished by nature's own healthful agencies. Quite other than angels, Mary and Colin become human by an instructive wholesome following of nature and the nature-loving side of wholesome folk with whom they are happily thrown. The Yorkshire boy, Dickon, charmer of all young animals, including boys, is a captivating figure. Good Susan Sowerby, mother of twelve, and incarnation of "inspired common sense," is a character gratefully to make friends with. The crabbed old gardener, Ben Weatherstaff, is as good as his name. And there are excellent comrades in fox-cub and crow and robin and lamb. The invasion of the secret garden by the children in the spring of the year, and the miracles worked on contrary little Mistress Mary and tyrannical little Colin, by nature's own miracles, make a charming story, fantastic, perhaps, but full of sweet admonition; and possessing besides its charm two negative virtues so often neglected in books for the young that their presence takes on a positive quality. The children's faults are not such as to invite imitation; and the young are not reformers of the old.

ROMANTIC CANADA.

Old Indian Trails. By Mary T. S. Schäffer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Were it not for the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River in Arizona, which tempts tourists to cross the Continent by way of the Santa Fé Railroad, and for the Yellowstone Park, which induces many of them to choose the Northern Pacific or the Union Pacific Railroad, the Canadian Pacific would make by far the strongest appeal to lovers of scenery and marvels of nature. The Rocky Mountains grow grander as we go northward, and our Canadian neighbors certainly have the advantage over us in this respect. Whymper, the most famous of English Alpinists, has discovered "fifty Switzerlands" in the Canadian Rockies, but very few except trappers, hunters, and some explorers have gazed on any of these snowy summits beyond those that can be seen from the car windows. Twenty years ago, even these were enjoyed by but few who came specially to be impressed by them. The big hotel at Banff, in the Canadian National Park, had but few guests; Lake Louise had no hotel at all; the Yoho Valley was a mere name, and at Glacier no one suspected the existence of grand caves but seven miles away.

It was at that early period that Mrs. Schäffer began to visit these regions annually. She saw the tourist tide swell from year to year until finally she began to long for "wider views and new untrammeled ways." From hunters and trappers, she heard tales of what could be seen and experienced on old Indian trails to the north of the railway, through a country largely unmapped—trails made by the red men in quest of game and furs; and these she determined to follow in quest of "the great unlonely silence of the wilderness." The trappers and hunters fortunately had not forgotten to tell her that though the region she was headed for was a land of game—of goat, sheep, bear, deer, and caribou—one might travel for days yet see no signs of wild life; and that, although fish are plentiful, yet for weeks,

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when the summer sun melts everything meltable, and the rivers are clouded with silt from the glaciers, they will not rise to the most tempting bait. Ignorance of these facts had cut short many an attempted invasion of this "beautiful but inhospitable land." Being forewarned, her party (which consisted of two women, two men, and the necessary pack animals) was provided with plenty of condensed foods, chosen after careful tests, besides the usual bacon and beans, flour, sugar, tea, and coffee. And yet mistakes were made. The provisions, having no water-proof covers were not improved by sundry unexpected soakings received in fording swollen rivers, and, worst of all, no one had thought of mosquito nets.

Many were the hardships of trail travel. The horses gave no end of trouble and the elements often combined with the almost impenetrable forests in making life a burden. On the fourth of July shrieking winds pelted their tent walls with snow. One evening the author was so utterly fatigued that even "an aurora which was throwing ribbons and arches with wonderful rapidity across the summit of Mount Robson and dyeing her snow-fields with a constant change of color" could not keep her awake. But this was an exceptional case; as a rule she and her companion endured the fatigue of such an outing as bravely as the men of the party; and altogether she enjoyed the expedition so much that she decided to write a book, to urge others to follow her example. No daring climbs were attempted, wherefore her narrative, unlike that of most of the books on this part of the world, is "a tale of the valleys," including the "golden plains of the Saskatchewan," where she dwelt among the Indians and became familiar with their ways. Relics of the Indians were found at many points along the trails —tepee poles, bones of sheep and caribou littering the ground, racks for drying and smoking meat. The Indians smoke their trout in a dense smudge of sphagnum moss, and Mrs. Schäffer found that this improved them, as the meat of the trout in these cold waters is inclined to be soft and tasteless, even to palates grown uncritical on salt meats and bannock.

Mrs. Schäffer's book includes accounts of two trips into this wilderness, one in 1906, the other two years later. On the second they avoided the mistakes of the first, taking along mosquito nets and waterproof bags for the food. On neither of these trips, notwithstanding the exposures, did any one one catch a cold. Altogether, weighing the pros and cons, one envies the author her experiences in this northland. She is also illustrator of Stewardson Brown's book, the "Alpine Flora of the Canadian Rockies," and her "Old Indian Trails" she has embellished with eighty illustrations which obviated the necessity of descriptive writing.

Der Roman einer Tibetischen Königin. Tibetischer Text und Uebersetzung von Bethold Laufer. Leipzig: Otto Harrassowitz.

In the eighth century of our era the Buddhist monks were in a fair way to get control of Tibet. The religion they professed was not only higher than the unsystematic demonology of the Tibetan savages, but it was much more picturesque, and as such it appealed to the natives, as in our day a ritual appeals to a savage more than does an exhortation. The common people and their "kings," that is, tribal chieftains, approved of the Buddhists; the strongest opposition came from the women. For the women of Tibet were suffragettes. They knew themselves to be better than the men, and no man disputed them. In fact, in Tibet the women were the virile characters. Especially the queens, in whose hands lay the real power, objected to the Buddhists, and they alone apparently saw clearly that when the priest ruled the king in spiritual matters, it was all over with kingship. One of the most striking examples of this has been preserved for us in the so-called Romance of Queen Ts'espon bza, whose euphonious name may, when once mentioned, be sunk in her title. This queen "loved as none other could love in the whole world," and she loved the Buddhist missionary, whose political designs she suspected, but before whose personal beauty, rather than teaching, her heart bowed. Of course, the monk repudiated her with horror. Those who have heard of Potiphar's wife can imagine the completion of the romance. The monk was banished because the queen accused him, though the king feared him. But he returned, and the queen, whose passion had bred illness, ostentatiously repented. But was her repentance genuine, was she really pure of heart? The test prescribed by the beautiful but severe monk was carried out. If pure at heart, the flowers she trod upon in the sacred procession would raise their heads uninjured from her tread. Proudly she comes forth. Anxiously looks the monk, timorously the king. And lo! the flowers are consumed to ashes, for in her heart concealed is still the fire of her unholy passion. Tableau; new trials; happy ending. Why take away the excitement of reading in detail the history, entitled "bTsun-mo bkai t'an-yig," which is really the third division of a greater work (the "bKa-t'an sde-Ina"), the "Exhortations of Padmasmabhava to the Royal Women"?

The text is carefully edited; the translation as accurate as our present knowledge admits (foot-notes indicate dubious points); and the historical apparatus sufficient. This is the only example of its sort in Tibetan literature, and besides this merit it undoubtedly contains historical material. The editor points out that the queen's only sin lay in attempting to overthrow the virtue of a monk, since adultery *per se* was a venial offence, and had the queen been content to have an intrigue with any one else, no one would have objected, the king having no rights in the matter. The attitude of the monk seems to reflect rather an interesting fact, namely, that the first missionaries were able to impress these savages with moral standards which both teacher and pupil really upheld. Of course, it was not long before virtue was as much a jest to the monk as it had been to the native. The Tibetan monk was soon the recognized Don Juan of the country. Dr. Laufer's translation takes in also another history, which belongs to the division of the whole, and is therefore included in the text, but it has nothing to do with the passionate princess. In fact, it is in startling contrast, for in the second story the princess is shy and innocent, the monk-missionary a Lothario, whose actions have to be defended by the chronicler on the ground that the holy man is doing a holy work; he extends the influence of the church in captivating as many ladies as possible by means which he knows will appeal to them. As the monk says, "I sacrifice myself to passion to save the passionate." Probably the two tales reflect two periods in the conversion of Tibet. The work as a whole was probably composed in the ninth century, and possibly printed (on wooden blocks) soon after, for Tibetan works were printed in China by that time and the art of printing was introduced into Tibet in the tenth century. Dr. Laufer tentatively refers the action of the story to the latter half of the eighth century.

The Speakers of the House of Commons. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. With a Topographical Description of Westminster at Various Epochs and a Brief Record of the Principal Constitutional Changes during Seven Centuries. By Arthur Irwin Dasent. With Notes and Illustrations and a Portrait of Every Speaker where One is Known to Exist. New York: John Lane Company. $6.50 net.

Mr. Dasent's volume is a singularly interesting contribution to the history of Parliament, because it is unlike any other book on any aspect of the House of Commons or the House of Lords, and because of its comprehensiveness, and its topographical as well as its historical value. Besides this book, there are two histories of the Speaker's chair, both published since 1900, and Manning's

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"Lives of the Speakers," which carries the biographies down to Abercrombie, whose service as first commoner was from 1835 to 1841. Mr. Dasent's volume may be described as combining the plan of the three books, for he is concerned with the gradual development of the office, as well as with the careers of the men who have occupied it; and in addition, he has traced the history of the various buildings at Westminster and Blackfriars in which the Commons have held their sessions since 1295; and for later centuries has included the lives of the men who have sat below the Speaker at the clerk's table. For such an undertaking Mr. Dasent was well qualified, being himself senior clerk in the Commons.

Primarily, Mr. Dasent's interest is with the men who have been in the chair—with their place at the bar or in the House of Commons before they were elected Speaker, and with their careers after their service in the chair came to an end. His research has enabled him to sketch the careers of one hundred and thirty speakers and to bring on the scene many new candidates for the Dictionary of National Biography. He has dexterously interwoven in the biographies notes of development in constitutional or House of Commons procedure, and in the evolution of the office that made a Speaker's tenure of the chair of historical significance. Guildesborough, for instance, in 1380, demanded of the Crown that a schedule of the exact sums asked of Parliament and the purposes for which the grants were required should be laid before the Commons, and the annually recurring phrase in the King's speech at the opening of Parliament that "estimates for the expenditure of the year will in due time be laid before you" is the outcome of a procedure adopted more than five hundred years ago. Bussy, 1393-7, was the earliest Speaker alluded to by Shakespeare. Savage was in the chair when by the Parliament of 1404 heresy for the first time was made an offence against the statute law. Tiptoft, who was in in the chair in 1405-6, was the first Speaker to become a peer. Thomas Chaucer occupied the chair in 1407 when the Commons gained the inalienable right of initiating money grants, and when it was laid down in the Declaration of Gloucester that in making money grants Parliament must not be hampered by the personal intervention of the Crown in Council; and it was during Hungerford's Speakership—1414—that, in response to an urgent appeal, Henry V covenanted that petitions from the Commons, which now for the first time were beginning to take the modern form of bills, should be engrossed as statutes without garbling or alteration of any kind, after passing from the control of Parliament. Scarcely a constitutional development from 1380 to 1895, when Mr. Gully, afterwards Viscount Gully, was chosen Speaker, has escaped Mr. Dasent; and it is the same as regards the evolution of the office. Lenthall and Arthur Onslow are naturally the most detailed of Mr. Dasent's sketches; Lenthall, by reason of his part in the struggle between the Commons and Charles I; and Onslow because he was Speaker for thirty-three years—1727-1761—and did more than any other to advance the office to the dignified place it holds to-day. With Onslow's tenure the chair ceased to be the ambition of pluralists and expectant office-holders, although once later it was held by a pluralist; and it was not until Abbot's time—1802-1817—that it became a rule for a Speaker on his retirement to go to the House of Lords.

Mr. Dasent's history of St. Stephen's Palace is the completest that has been embodied in any modern book on the Houses of Parliament. It is written with a fulness of knowledge of Westminster and of London topography which will appeal to all lovers of old and new London. Aided by John Lane, Mr. Dasent has discovered portraits of no fewer than eighty-one of the one hundred and thirty Speakers of whom he writes. These, together with several unhackneyed illustrations of Westminster, and numerous pictures of the homes of Speakers in London and in the shires, have been reproduced with much care; and equal care has been taken in making the illustrations really permanent portions of the book.

Notes

Beginning October 1, the *Yale Review*, which has hitherto been a special enonomic review, will become a graduate quarterly publication, under the editorship of Prof. Wilbur L. Cross, head of the English department of the Sheffield Scientific School.

In "Mesdames De France," announced by Chapman & Hall, Casimir Stryienski makes a study of the daughters of Louis XV.

"The Religion of the Ancient Celts," by Canon MacCulloch; "Greece and Babylon: A Comparative Religious Enquiry," by Dr. L. R. Farnell, and "A History of Creeds and Confessions of Faith in Christendom and Beyond," by Prof. W. A. Curtis, are in the list of T. & T. Clark of London.

The same house will issue a "Handbook of the Modern Greek Vernacular," by Prof. Albert Thumb, translated by Dr. S. Angus.

The miscellaneous poems of Cervantes, which have been translated by Norman Maccoll, will be brought out some time this year under the editorship of Fitzmaurice-Kelly.

In its review last week the *Nation* credited Turner's "First Decade of the Australian Commonwealth" to Mason, Firth & McCutcheon of Melbourne. The book is published also in this country by Longmans, Green & Co.

Henry Frowde's announcements, made in conjunction with the Oxford University Press, include in history and biography: "History of the Peninsular War," Vol. IV, Dec., 1810-Dec., 1811, by C. Oman; "The Progress of Japan, 1853-1871," by J. H. Gubbins, lecturer in Japanese in the University of Oxford; "The Full Recognition of Japan," by Robert P. Porter, and "Sir John Burdon-Sanderson," by the late Lady Burdon-Sanderson.—In theology and philosophy: "Novum Testamentum Latine," a small edition of the Vulgate, prepared by Prof. H. J. White, "Logic, or the Morphology of Knowledge," by B. Bosanquet, new edition.—*Miscellaneous*: "Isidori Hispalensis Etymologiarum Libri XX," edited by W. M. Lindsay; "Manili Astronomicon Libri II," edited, with translation and commentary, by H. W. Garrod; "The Oxford Book of German Verse," compiled by Prof. H. S. Fiedler, with a preface by Gerhart Hauptmann; "Platt's Persian Grammar," revised by Lieut.-Col. G. S. A. Ranking; "Peaks and Pleasant Pastures," by Claude Schuster; "Forestry for Woodmen," by C. O. Hanson; "Wordsworth and Coleridge: Lyrical Ballads, 1798"; "Hurd's Letters on Chivalry and Romance," together with the third dialogue, edited by E. Morley; "Scott's Fair Maid of Perth"; "Southey's Life of Nelson"; "Shakespeare's Histories and Poems," with a general introduction by A. C. Swinburne, introductory studies of the revised plays by E. Dowden, and a note by T. Watts-Dunton, 3 vols.; "A Year of Japanese Epigrams," translated by W. N. Porter; "Ye Solace of Pilgrimes," a description of Rome about 1450, by John Capgrave, edited by C. A. Mills; "Kallistratus," a classical story by A. H. Gilkes, new edition; "The Poems of Digby Mackworth Dolber," edited with a memoir, by Robert Bridges; "The Works of Thomas Deloney," edited by F. O. Mann; "The Poems and Masques of Aurelian Townsend," edited by E. K. Chambers; "Poets and Poetry," by John Bailey; "Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association," Vol. II, collected by H. C. Beeching; "A Shakespeare Glossary," by C. T. Onions, and "Nature Children," a flower book for little folk, verse by Gertrude M. Faulding and pictures by Eleanor S. March.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will have ready September 30: "The Life of Bret Harte," by Henry C. Merwin; "Kittens and Cats," by Eulalie Osgood Grover; "The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman"; "Touring in 1600," by E. S. Bates; "The Champion of the Regiment," by Everett T. Tomlinson; "Broken Words," by William Bellamy; "American Political Ideas," by John Fiske, with an introduction by John Spencer Clark; "The Navigable Rhine," by Edwin J. Clapp; "The Rhetorical Principles of Narration," by Carroll Lewis Maxcy," and "Milton's Education, Areopagitica, Etc.," with introduction and notes by Laura E. Lockwood.

William Archer's "The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer" is in preparation by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Hosting of Heroes" is a volume of verse by Eleanor R. Cox dealing with the heroic period of Ireland's history; the book will be issued by Sealy, Boyers & Walker of Dublin.

On September 29, Dodd, Mead & Co. will bring out: A detective story, "Initials Only," by Anna Katharine Green; "Wally," a tale of the West by Guy Steely; "Their Heart's Desire," by Francis Foster Perry; Annie S. Peck's "A Search for the Apex of

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America"; "Life in the Moslem East," by Pierre Ponafidine, and a biography of the Empress Dowager of China, by Philip W. Sergeant.

"The Mating of Anthea," by Arabella Kenealy; "The Lifted Latch," by George Vane, and "The Dempsey Diamond," by Allen Arnot, are among the novels which John Lane Co. will shortly publish.

The Scribners are about to issue an edition of Thackeray called the "Cornhill Thackeray," and an edition of Dickens called the "Tavistock Dickens," in which all the material of the original editions in illustrations, prefaces, and dedications has been retained.

To the Scrittori D'Italia series, which is issued in brown paper covers but with careful attention to the look of the page, have now been added a fourth volume of Bandello, edited by Gioachino Brognoligo, and Vol. II of Vincenzo Gioberti's "Del Rinnovamento Civile D'Italia," edited by Fausto Nicolini. The series is published by Gius. Laterza & Figli, Bari, Italy.

The Statesman's Year Book for 1911 is a volume of above 1,400 pages. In the preface the editor, J. Scott Keltie, announces the death of I. P. A. Renwick, who was associated for more than twenty years in the editorship of this excellent handbook. Partial results of the censuses taken during 1910 and 1911 in the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Spain, Switzerland, and Norway have been embodied. The articles on the different States of the Union show the outcome of last November's elections.

Francis Gribble has turned his industrious pen to "The Romance of the Oxford Colleges" (Little, Brown), and has produced a book sufficiently entertaining for those who are not already too familiar with the popular anecdotes of famous and eccentric scholars of that university. The book is divided into chapters devoted to the several colleges, each with an illustration. A bit of history is given, and then the stories, true and fictitious. It was a work easy to compile, and shows no great amount of reading and not more than ordinary skill in writing; but the material itself, when not too hackneyed, is rich in human nature.

In the fourth edition of his "Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales" (Putnam), Jonathan Nield prints a list of fifty —chosen from the three thousand stories passed under review—which he believes to be truly representative. The span of time which they embrace is about twenty-five centuries: "An Egyptian Princess," by G. Ebers; "Salammbô," a story of Carthage, by Flaubert; "Philochristus," who was a disciple of Christ, by Edwin A. Abbott; Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii"; "Marius the Epicurean," time of Marcus Aurelius, by Pater; Newman's "Callista," dealing with North Africa persecutions; Kingsley's "Hypatia," scene being laid in Alexandria in the fifth century; "Ekkehard," a tale of tenth-century Huns, by J. V. Scheffel; "Harold," by Lytton; Scott's "Talisman" and "Ivanhoe," both with scenes dating from the time of Richard I, one in the Crusades, the other in England; Hewlett's "Forest Lovers," about the same period; "Maid Marian," by T. L. Peacock, days of Robin Hood; "The Last of the Barons," by Lytton, dealing with the Wars of the Roses; Scott's "Quentin Durward"—France, Louis XI; George Eliot's "Romola"—Florence, Savonarola; Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth," which introduces the parents of Erasmus; "Niccolò de' Lapi" (The Maid of Florence, about 1530), by M. D'Azeglio; "Chronique du règne de Charles IX," by Prosper Mérimée, wherein is described the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Four novels do for Elizabeth and James I: Scott's "Abbot," "Kenilworth," and "The Fortunes of Nigel," and Kingsley's "Westward Ho." Twelve others complete the seventeenth century: "John Iglesant," by J. H. Shorthouse; "Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell" (Milton's wife), by Anne Manning; Dumas's "The Three Musketeers"; De Vigny's "Cinq Mars"; "The Betrothed" ("I promessi Sposi"), by Manzoni; "Twenty Years After," by Dumas; "With Fire and Sword" (first of the trilogy), by Sienkiewicz; Scott's "The Legend of Montrose," "Woodstock," and "Old Mortality"; "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," by Dumas; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." Eighteenth century: Thackeray's "Henry Esmond"; Scott's "Rob Roy," "Heart of Midlothian," "Waverley," and "Red Gauntlet"; "Dorothy Forster," by Walter Besant; Stevenson's "Kidnapped"; Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge" and "A Tale of Two Cities"; Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." Nineteenth century: Tolstoy's "War and Peace," which has to do with Napoleon's Russian campaign; "The Conscript," a tale of the late Napoleonic period, by Erckmann-Chatrian; from the same hand, "Waterloo"; "The Green Book," by M. Jókai—Russia, 1825. Readers who have formed the idea that Scott is become too antiquated to read with pleasure will be grieved to observe that he is included no less than twelve times.

"Louisiana Under the Rule of Spain, France, and the United States, 1785-1807," translated and transcribed from the original manuscripts, edited, annotated, with bibliography and index, by James Alexander Robertson, two volumes (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.), is a work of real value to the historian, for whose benefit it has been published. The documents that are here printed have been found in the archives of Spain, Cuba, and the United States, and illustrate one of the most interesting, dramatic, and portentous events in the history of the United States, namely the passing of all the country west of the Mississippi River from Spain to France, and from France to the United States. The selection of the documents has been a careful one, made by an editor who understands all the conditions that entered into this historical problem. They are for the most part political in tone, but also illustrate in a graphic way the social and economic conditions of the territory. There are excellent descriptions of the country as it existed under the Spanish régime, sufficient material to judge of Napoleon's intentions concerning the province of Louisiana, and the final establishment there of American government, this last event being illustrated largely from the papers of Gov. Claiborne. The amount of the material was too great to be included entire. This is to be regretted, for from selected documents it is impossible to reach the truth. A visit to the archives will still be necessary. It would have been of greater value had a series of volumes been planned, or a shorter period chosen. It does not completely fulfil the demands of historians either to have the French and Spanish documents, with one exception, given only in translation. Dr. Robertson has had much experience as a translator, but it is impossible to anticipate all questions of interpretation that may arise.

Roger Bacon has always appealed to the scientists of our day as one of their forerunners in the field of physical experimentation. Of late, especially since the publication of his Greek grammar, philologians, too, have turned to him with new interest. His passion for the *ipsissima verba* of the ancient authors and his wide reading in their works are apparent in his "Metaphysica de viciis contractis in studio theologie," the latest in the series of his hitherto inedited works which are now being ably published by Robert Steele (Clarendon Press). The only manuscript of the "Metaphysica" is fragmentary. The portion of the work extant amounts to a general encomium of the ancient philosophers, who, though slighted by the writer's generation, are, he holds, valuable witnesses to the Christian faith. The argument, though flavored with an allegorical interpretation of pagan literature no longer in vogue, is an important document in the history of Christian humanism. He may believe that the ancient schools all derive from Moses and that Plato's dead body bore a golden plate inscribed with important articles of the Creed, but such absurdities aside, Bacon perceives truly that the roots of Christianity go deeply into the past. There is little said in our present fragment about the vices of theology, but the sharp-tongued friar doubtless did that matter justice before he got through. The editor has not tracked down all the citations, and indeed it is a difficult matter to do so; for despite his excoriating criticisms of contemporary scholarship, Bacon has not learned the philologian's first principle of verifying his references. Besides the "Metaphysica," Mr. Steele now publishes Parts iii and iv of the first book of "Communia Naturalium," the first two parts of which appeared in 1909. This work, too, is highly important, especially when considered as a precursor of the "Opus Tertium." Bacon worked over his material constantly, and, thanks to Mr. Steele, we can now watch the development of his thought in several stages.

"Documents Illustrative of the Continental Reformation" (Clarendon Press), edited by the Rev. B. J. Kidd, D.D., will be most welcome to all teachers and students of the history of the sixteenth century, and thoroughly deserves the high honor to which it has attained of being published in the same series with Stubbs's "Select Charters," Prothero's "Statutes and Constitutional Documents," and Gardiner's "Documents Illustrative of the Puritan Revolution." The bulk of the 351 well-selected "sources" which it contains is concerned with the Lutheran, Zwinglian, and Calvinist movements in Germany, Switzerland, and France; but the Netherlands, the Scandinavian north, Hungary, and Poland are not entirely neglected, and there is an admirable section on Scotland. Some few documents on the unsuccessful attempts to introduce the reformed doctrines in Italy and Spain might well have been inserted (Schä-

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fer's "Beiträge zur Geschichte des Spanischen Protestantismus" would have made the task easy in the latter case); still the omission is not serious. More difficult to justify is the absence of all reference to the reformatory movements in France before Calvin; there is not a word (save in the notes) about Lefèvre d'Étaples, Louis de Buquin, Guillaume Briçonnet, or Margaret of Angoulême. Dr. Kidd, moreover, has limited himself very narrowly from the chronological point of view; virtually all his excerpts and quotations fall between the years 1517 and 1560. Possibly we may venture to hope that other volumes on the conciliar period, and on the years between the beginning of the Counter-Reformation and the close of the Thirty Years' War, will soon be forthcoming. Meantime, we are glad to testify that within the limits he has set himself Dr. Kidd has done his work so well that it will never have to be done over again. The topics with which the documents deal are so various as to preclude the possibility of a general introduction such as illuminates the "Select Charters" and the "Statutes and Constitutional Documents." This inevitable deficiency is in some measure made good by brief paragraphs of explanatory notes, amply supplied with bibliographical data, which are prefixed to each of the twenty-three sections under which the various documents are arranged. It is interesting to note that, though the French (and, of course, the Latin) documents are invariably given in the original, the German ones are all translated—a significant sidelight on the different degrees of acquaintance with these languages, which the average reader of Dr. Kidd's book is expected to possess.

If a respectable Roman matron (provided there were such) had written a diary of life at the court of Nero, it would be not unlike "The Recollections of the Countess Golovine" (London: David Nutt), who frequented the court of Catherine II, Paul, and Alexander I of Russia. Not that she intentionally indulges in scandalous chronicles, but that Russian high life four generations ago was so barbaric that merely to describe its least vicious side shows that it was rotten to the core. Among the interesting episodes in Countess Golovine's journal, is a sojourn in Paris in 1802-05. The book, which has the material for a dozen melodramas, is translated from the French of the well-known student of Russian history, K. Waliszewski.

Two volumes of interest to students of American history have recently been issued by the Canadian government in its series of Publications of the Canadian Archives (Ottawa Government Printing Bureau), which has taken the place of the former volumes of appendices to the reports of the minister of agriculture, commonly known as the Canadian Archives. The first of these publications, numbered five in the series, contains a collection of documents relating to the early history of Canada, and is edited by H. P. Biggar, B. Litt., of the Archives Branch, under the title "The Precursors of Jacques Cartier, 1497-1534." Mr. Biggar has brought together for the first time the chief manuscript sources of Canadian history before the time of Cartier. All but three or four of the documents have been printed before, but many of them in such out of the way places as to be virtually inaccessible. He has added a few new documents from English and French sources, and has furnished a translation of those in Latin, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. The French documents he has printed without translation, unfortunately, we believe, since to most readers the archaic French of the sixteenth century is a closed book. They are few in number, however, and their importance is comparatively slight. Furthermore, the translations should not have followed the original text but have appeared side by side with it, after the fashion of the publications of the Selden and other similar societies. Nevertheless, as it stands, the work is extremely useful and Mr. Biggar's introduction, which sums up what is known of early voyages to Canada and of landfalls upon its coast, is a cautious and trustworthy statement.

The second volume, numbered six in the series, contains a "Rapport sur les archives de France relatives à l'histoire du Canada," by J. Edmond Roy, also of the Archives Branch. When we know that but five months was devoted by M. Roy to personal inspection of the French repositories and that the report occupies some 1,100 pages, it is evident that a large part of the work is compilation. M. Roy has not written so much a guide to the archives as a general survey of the documentary collections of France, composed from printed reports, departmental publications, and the writings of his predecessors, MM. Verreau, Marmette, and Tantet, the results of whose searches have already been printed in early volumes of the Canadian Archives. M. Roy does not appear to have employed any uniform plan in dealing with his material, but has combined with his survey of documents a great variety of rather discursive essays, few of which bear the mark of originality, on national, departmental, and communal archives, on the origin and history of ministerial offices, and on the value and significance of local and private collections. Some of the collections he has passed over almost without comment, others he has illustrated by lists of papers drawn in many cases from works already printed, still others he has treated with considerable fulness, even going so far as to print, entire, series of texts which he deems important. As a guide for students the work cannot be called specially helpful, but as a general introduction to French archives, it is bound to be useful. M. Roy has omitted no collection, important or unimportant. The index, unfortunately, is very inadequate.

"My Balkan Tour," an account of some journeyings and adventures in the Near East, together with a descriptive and historical account of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, the kingdom of Montenegro (Lane), by Roy Trevor, sufficiently indicates the contents of this bulky volume. It is not without merit or interest, though far less valuable than some other recent books of travel in Balkan lands reviewed in these columns. Its novelty lies not in its descriptions, which, though spirited, are conventional, but in the achievements of "Mercédès," which, penetrating into regions hitherto considered inaccessible to automobiles, is invested by its affectionate owner with almost human virtues. Those fortunate and daring enough to follow the author's example will read with a thrill the account of his hair-breadth escapes from fatal collision on the brink of precipices, and will gladly profit by his practical hints. But even they will draw the line at the author's dry historical information (borrowed from writers who have preceded him), and the crude political or psychological observations which have swelled the story to an unconscionable length. At a roadside inn he meets the proprietress, an old woman, "the most perfect example of a witch I have ever seen," and he gratuitously muses:

> What a history that old woman could tell would she but speak, of many a dark deed performed by the lawless bands of robbers who infested this spot up till a few years ago; of many a helpless traveller murdered as he passed and buried at dusk; of many a fierce carousal and savage division of spoil.

This slap-dash way of treating the subject is also reflected in the author's indifference to the accepted rules of transliterating Serb and Montenegrin names. He leaves the average English reader to wrestle with Crnagora (Tchernagora) as best he may, uses the mongrel "Serbish" for Servian, and coins "Molacci" for Morlaks, and "Slovakians" (misprinted Stovakians) for Slovaks. For errors, like "Carmole" (for Carniola), "Osmali," "Mozelle," "Ludwick," "Lingua Castalleña," and dozens of similar ones, the proofreader may be partly responsible, but the statement that Cetinje is "the tiniest capital in Europe" (San Marino and Vaduz are smaller) is the author's own. The melodramatic "Prologue" and "Epilogue" are the worst things in the book. The illustrations, though graphic as to subjects, are not particularly well executed.

The educational system of India is now a subject of the deepest interest in that country. A notable contribution to a solution of the problems presented by differences of race and religion is to be found in a recent speech by the minister of education in the Kashmir State, Rai Bahadur Dr. A. Mitra. After dwelling upon the three sides of human nature developed by education, the mental, physical, and spiritual, he said: "Education, which only aims at the training of the intellect without any thought to the formation of character is not only valueless but may prove to be a source of peril." Character, he held, was formed by the careful training of the conscience which can only be done "through religious principles. I must here confess that I started with a bias against religious education, but after a very careful consideration of the subject my present conviction is that religion is the only sure foundation on which character and morals can be built." He then proceeded to outline a plan which the Maharajah of Kashmir had resolved to adopt. Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians will be taught religion in separate rooms by teachers of their own faith, and a "hymn to the universal God" will be chanted by all.

The schools examination by the Oxford and Cambridge board, this year's results of which have just been published, is useful as being a sort of stock-taking of the principal schools in England. The figures are unsatisfactory, and seem to show a lowering of the standard of secondary instruction, the number of schools represented and candidates being less than in 1910, while the percentage of passes—little more

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than 50 per cent.—being deplorably low. Out of twenty-two subjects presented for examination, mathematics, English, French, history, and Scripture had the largest number of candidates. Latin and Greek were taken by just one hundred fewer candidates than last year. One boy won distinctions in six subjects, and one girl in five.

Dr. James Curtis Hepburn, oldest graduate of Princeton University, being in the class of '32, and pioneer missionary in China and Japan, died just a week ago, at the age of ninety-six. With his wife he made his first voyage to the Orient in 1840, and remained in China at that time for six years. His second voyage was to Japan in 1859 for the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, with which he was associated until 1892. Dr. Hepburn assisted in the first translation of the Bible into Japanese, and issued the first Japanese-English dictionary. He received from the Emperor on his ninetieth birthday, in 1905, the decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun.

Charles Battell Loomis, who died on Saturday at the age of fifty, wrote for most of the better-known periodicals, and was the author of several books, including "Just Rhymes," "The Four-masted Catboat," "Yankee Enchantments," "A Partnership in Magic," "Cheerful Americans," "More Cheerful Americans," "I've Been Thinking," "Minerva's Manœuvres," "Cheer Up," "A Bath in an English Tub," "Poe's Raven in an Elevator," "The Knack of It," "A Holiday Touch," "Just Irish," and "Little Maude:"

William Alexander, archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland, whose death is reported at the advanced age of eighty-seven, was as distinguished in literature as in theology. His sincerity, coupled with an extraordinary power of phrase, gives an unusual interest to the volumes of discourses which he has published. He was also a poet of no mean ability, whom many would have been glad to see appointed professor of poetry at Oxford.

Henry Houssaye, French historian and member of the Academy, died in Paris on Sunday. He was a son of Arsène Houssaye, the novelist, and was born in Paris in 1848. He studied to become a painter, but turned early to literature, publishing a history of Apelles when only nineteen years old. A long sojourn in Greece resulted in a work on Alcibiades and the Athenian Republic, which won for him the Academy's prize of 20,000 francs, founded by Thiers. After remaining faithful to ancient Greece for many years, he turned his attention to Gaul, and a clever work, published in 1876, describing the first siege of Paris B. C. 52, was, both from an archæological and military point of view, a real *tour de force*. The history of Napoleon and of the post-revolutionary era in France then interested him, and a brilliant work on the decline and fall of Napoleon I insured his election to the Academy, which his father had satirized with extreme bitterness; the election followed the death of Lecomte de Lisle, in 1894. Henry Houssaye was personally popular in Paris, the more so from the fact that he won his Legion of Honor decoration for gallantry while fighting as an officer of Mobiles under the walls of Paris in the siege of 1870. Among his other works may be mentioned "L'Art français depuis 10 ans," "Les Hommes et les idées," "La Réforme de la loi militaire," and "1815, la Terreur blanche."

Science

RECENT LITERATURE OF AERONAUTICS.

The Conquest of the Air. By Alphonse Berget. Second edition. New York G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

The New Art of Flying. By Waldemar Kaempffert. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

Monoplanes and Biplanes. By G. C. Loening. New York: Munn & Co. $2.50 net.

The Aeroplane, Past, Present, and Future. By Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

The Aerial Age. By Walter Wellman. New York: A. R. Keller & Co. $1.75.

Flying Machines To-day. By William Duane Ennis. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.50 net.

Two years ago there were but few books on aeronautics, and most of these were technical monographs. During the present year a number of excellent works on the subject have appeared. The developments in aviation have been so rapid that the writers of these books have had to depend on a fast moving panorama of progress for their material. So much has been accomplished that there have been many facts, varied, new, and interesting, which could be chronicled.

"The Conquest of the Air," by Alphonse Berget, is an excellent book for those who desire a survey of the entire subject of aeronautics. It is written in a pleasant style and is not too technical. Its first edition in 1909 was one of the early books dealing with the subject in a general manner, and the present edition has been brought up to date in a number of particulars. Approximately the first hundred pages are devoted to the construction and the management of the various successful dirigible balloons, with many excellent diagrams and photographs. The second half of the book is taken up with the principles of aviation and the description of the chief types of aeroplanes, with a chapter on the early days of aviation. In a discussion of the method of control of the aeroplane, particularly in regard to stability, a matter that will always be of utmost importance, the author points out that there have been two schools of aviation, viz., that of the Wright brothers, which demands everything of the aviator (the pilot), and that of Voisin, which requires the minimum from the aviator. These methods have been called the American and the French schools, respectively. To the former belongs the Wright machine, and to the latter the Voisin, Farman, Blériot, and Antoinette types. It is not unlikely that the machine of the future will be one embodying the best features of both types. The book closes with a chapter on the future of aerial navigation, a short summary of the formulas used in aerodynamics relating to the aeroplane, and a glossary giving a number of the words and terms which have come into usage with every forward step of the new science. The book is generally satisfactory and is suggestive in many places.

Waldemar Kaempffert, in "The New Art of Flying," has endeavored with a good deal of pains and with success to explain the many devices used on aeroplanes and the operation of the machines while flying, treating the subject of aviation historically from the glider of Lilienthal to the latest types of aeroplanes. Several of the many illustrations are of particular interest, especially one which shows the model Aerodrome of Professor Langley in flight over the Potomac River on May 6, 1896. This is a photograph taken by Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, and is notable as being the first photograph of an aeroplane in flight. It is pleasing to see that many pages are devoted to the description of Professor Langley's experiments with his larger Aerodrome, which was unfortunately destroyed by an accident at its launching. But for lack of the necessary funds to carry on his experiments Professor Langley doubtless would have demonstrated practically that an aeroplane could fly even when driven by a steam engine. An interesting chapter gives the more essential facts of the results of the research which has been going on concerning the upper atmosphere, including a description of the "isothermal stratum" recently discovered by Teisserenc de Bort, in France, and Richard Assmann, in Germany, almost simultaneously. This stratum is a zone, or region, in the atmosphere where the temperature does not change with altitude. It is generally regarded as one of the most important discoveries in meteorology in many years. A chapter on The Flying Machines in War contains a discussion of the probable uses of balloons and aeroplanes in military manœuvres, as well as detailed descriptions of the newly invented German and French guns for the destruction of aircraft, illustrated by photographs. Another chapter, The Law of the Air, discusses many interesting points, and includes quotations relating to the legal aspects of the subject by eminent lawyers. The book closes with a glossary giving a simple and instructive explanation of aeronautic terms. While the book is not as pretentious as certain others, it is readable, and has special value on ac-

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count of certain topics which are treated at greater length and with more strength than usual. Chapters on methods of balancing aeroplanes and on different kinds of motors may be particularly mentioned.

In Mr. Loening's "Monoplanes and Biplanes" the treatment is different from that in other aeronautical books. The work is definite in its purpose, and the author has been consistent with the title from beginning to end. Dirigible balloons are not mentioned at all, and little space is devoted to the discussion of the details of motors. On the other hand, the dynamics of flying, or the aerodynamics relating to aeroplanes, has been treated with painstaking care. In this section there are many tables and charts which should be of value for use in aeroplane design. One entire chapter is devoted to the determinations of the "constant of air resistance," a factor which must be used in calculations relating to every surface of the aeroplane. This is an important contribution. One feature that is to be commended especially is a full list of references following each topic treated. In part ii eighteen monoplanes and twenty biplanes are described in systematic manner; each type has been photographed in flight, and its construction is shown by drawings made to scale. Altogether there are nearly three hundred drawings and photographs in the book. In a chapter on aeroplane accidents the author states that more than 80 per cent. of the accidents have occurred in conditions of wind that were easily recognized as dangerous. In this chapter a number of remarkable but distressing photographs are shown in order to aid in demonstrating how such unfortunate occurrences can be prevented. The last section of the book, part iii, is a comparative discussion of different types of aeroplanes and the various appliances used in their operation while in flight, accompanied by tables which should be of considerable value for reference. The work fulfils its object, and will be on the whole appreciated by aviators and aeronautical engineers rather than by those who desire a popular sketch of the achievements in aeronautics. It is based on work done at Columbia University for a graduate degree.

"The Aeroplane: Past, Present, and Future" is a volume tastefully bound for a book of the kind, and the ninety illustrations have been made and mounted with a great deal of care. The authors, Messrs. Grahame-White and Harper, besides their own contributions, have acted as editors of a number of chapters by different writers, including some of the best-known air-men. In the first section, under the title The Pioneers of Flight, C. G. Grunhold of the Aero Club of France and England makes interesting with personal experiences the story of the first aeroplanes. In the second section, which is by the authors, the various aeroplane flights and records are tabulated in a way to reveal their progress at a glance. The next section is entitled The World's Air-Men; it contains a list of the principal aviators in the world, alphabetically arranged, with the aeroplanes they have piloted and details of their achievements. It includes more than seven hundred names and covers fifty pages. This section is by the authors, and is the most important in the book. Then follows a long and timely discussion on aeroplane fatalities with explanations of their causes. At the time the book went to press there had been no less than thirty-five accidents, and since then there have been many more. The manner in which these accidents occurred has been told as accurately as possible, with a technical discussion relating to each. This section is also by the authors; but Prevention of Accidents, which follows, is the contribution of Charles Grey, an expert on the subject. The Aeroplane in Warfare, by Col. J. E. Capper, C.B., R.E., apparently an authority, is an interesting general discussion, the main feature of which is an argument to show that the scope of the aeroplane as a war machine is far greater than is generally supposed. Louis Blériot, famous as a pioneer, pilot, and constructor of monoplanes, discusses the sporting and commercial possibilities of the aeroplane. The next section, although by Mr. Harper, gives the opinions of the late Cecil S. Grace on The Human Factor, as expressed by him the day before he was lost while attempting to fly from Calais to Dover in a fog. Mr. Grace had intended to write his views on the subject on his return to London. Among the best sections of this comprehensive volume is that written by Henry Farman, one of the greatest of the pioneers both as an air-man and as a builder of biplanes. The subject on which he writes is The Constructional Feature of Aeroplanes. Much can be gathered from the writings of these experts. They make the reader feel their enthusiasm and appreciate that flying has its sporting side. Aerial Law is treated by Roger Wallace, K.C., chairman of the Royal Aero Club, England, and the book closes with a discussion on the future of flying by Louis Paulhan, famous as an aeroplanist both in Europe and America, and the winner of the £10,000 prize for the flight from London to Manchester. A quotation from this section is of interest in answer to the question, "How long do you think it will be before the world will see the first aeroplane passenger service established and running regularly between cities?" M. Paulhan gives the following view:

> Although I may be proved to be wrong, and although it may be somewhat unwise to make any prophecy at all in such matters, I shall say that I expect to see such regular passenger services through the air, as are mentioned in the question, in regular operation when we reach the year 1920.

There are additional notes by a number of other writers and altogether the book will make a place for itself for some time to come in aviation literature.

Walter Wellman, the author of "The Aerial Age," a book of adventure, for such it is, has been more or less before the public since his first attempt to reach the North Pole from Spitzbergen in 1907, in his dirigible balloon, the America. Even before that time, he was known to many from his polar expedition in 1894, which was a failure owing to the crushing of the ship in the polar ice early in the expedition. The first attempt to reach the North Pole by a dirigible balloon with a crew of men, equipped with sledges and dog teams, excited considerable interest, but it failed, owing to adverse gales. A second attempt in 1909 was also unsuccessful on account of the breaking of the leather equilibrator, which hung down from the airship into the sea, and which was used to control the altitude of the balloon, and to contain a large store of reserve provisions. These voyages are described with many exciting incidents, suggestive of the stories of Jules Verne. The choice of the title, "The Aerial Age," is unfortunate, since the book is a tale of the author's own adventures, and not a chronicle of aeronautical progress.

In "Flying Machines To-day," William Duane Ennis has written a book that is intended to be more within the reach of the general public than many other books on aviation, some of which are expensive, owing to the elaborate drawings and the large number of diagrams and tables they contain. The present volume is a treatise on aeronautical progress, including ballooning, and therefore the title "Flying Machines To-day" is not well chosen. Flying machines are "heavier than air" aircrafts in the usual terminology, yet much of this book is devoted to aerostats (non-dirigible balloons). There are, however, some unusually good photographs of dirigible balloons, and there is much that is of interest in the book. The arrangement of the chapters and also of the illustrations is bad. For example, the first portion of the book is devoted to aviation, but there is not much plan of treatment, and in most cases little connection can be seen between the text and the illustrations. In a chapter entitled The Delights and Dangers of Flying, there is a picture of a balloon passing through a meteor shower, which is such an unusual phenomenon that it is misleading to say the least. When the subject of balloons is introduced, the latest types of dirigible airships are placed between illustrations of balloons

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of fifty or a hundred years ago. It would appear that the publishers were as much at fault as the author in the lack of systematic arrangement. It is unfortunate, because there is much good reading matter and there are many interesting photographs that do not appear to be in any other book. Early in the volume the author gives some explanations concerning the relation of the action of the wind on sail boats and on aeroplanes—a matter of interest because there is a pertinent connection between the air currnts playing on the curved sail of a boat and on the curved supporting planes of the aeroplanes.

At the present stage of the literature of aeronautics, it is not best to be too critical in discussing the books on the subject. Progress has been so rapid as to make a completely up-to-date book impossible; so much is new, so much is beyond the expectations of a few years ago, that the fairest course is to endeavor to call attention to the most instructive chapters and to the good points of each book.

Drama and Music

STAGE CARPENTRY.

The successful playwright nowadays objects as a rule to being called a dramatist, or having his work described as art. Something of this may be pose, like the traditional hatred of the American newspaper man for the word "journalism." But whatever may have been his original state of mind, the man of the theatre to-day is quite sincere when he implores you not to call him an Artist or to attribute to him those dreadful things, an Aim, an Ideal, or a Purpose. "Call me a carpenter," he begs, "for that is what I am. I have no other object than to make a lot of money, and I do it by knocking together things for the stage of the kind the people want." And many other pathetic pleas he utters, all expressive of a great fear lest he be in any way mistaken for a "highbrow" or an "uplifter," or be suspected of writing plays "for his health." It is an attitude that deserves praise. It disarms criticism from the start and saves trouble. There is no use in bringing out Aristotle, the Unities, and the Laws of the Lyric Drama against a poor journeyman engaged in earning the family's living.

Well, let us call him a carpenter. Does that end the matter? Does it settle the score between the play-maker and his public? More than that, does it settle the score between the play-maker and his own conscience? There is a hitch somewhere. The name refuses to stick. We say to the critical faculty that is within every one of us: Lie down; remember this man is only a carpenter; he himself has said it; he doesn't give a hang for Shakespeare, or Molière, or Ibsen; his business is just to saw and plane and nail together simple things that the public wants—no fancy carving, no elaborate inlay work, but just every-day tables and chairs and clothes-presses which can be appreciated without a college education. We thus admonish the critical faculty, which yet, perversely and obstinately, refuses to lie down. This critical faculty, as it studies the work of the busy artisans of the stage, soon becomes aware that calling one's self a carpenter is not quite the explanation and defence which it is intended to be. The honest carpenter at his bench is an attractive figure, singing at his work, making simple, strong things out of sound material with as much skill and conscience as he has at his command. And that is where the parallel fails. An honest carpenter—yes; no one will quarrel with him. But how if our carpenter is in the habit of not paying for his lumber but picks it up wherever he finds it? How if he fails to put his very best skill into his work, or any skill beyond the amount necessary to make the thing sell? Our carpenter is entitled to protest against being judged by standards other than those of his trade. But all the same he can be haled into court for taking liberties with his neighbor's tool-box or wood-pile.

In London a great success is scored by a play dealing with life in the Orient; its production in this country is only a matter of time. Another play of the Orient, being the dramatization of a successful English novel, is likewise announced. The signs are unmistakable that this is to be an Oriental season in the theatre, and the dramatic carpenter gets to work. Facile workman that he is, he has turned out a play of Eastern life for us before either of its predecessors has reached this country. In London a great success is scored by a play of crime and mystery, with a courtroom scene for its climax. The play is to be brought to this country, where, judging by the long succession of cross-examination scenes since Henry Arthur Jones wrote "Mrs. Dane's Defence," it promises to go well. Immediately our domestic carpenter sets to work and supplies us with a play centring upon a courtroom scene. This is something more than that blind instinct for imitation which swamped us with sextettes after "Florodora," and with bucolic drama after "Way Down East," and is now swamping us with tinned combinations of Viennese waltzes and kisses. Imitation, after all, implies a compliment, and the carpenter who imitates within limits is not transgressing the laws of fair industrial competition. The carpenter who anticipates is quite another matter. We doubt if the authors or producers of the English plays in question will appreciate the compliment implied in so forehanded a bit of business.

Now, Sardou was a carpenter. He made few pretences at Art, he studied the varying public taste with a keen eye, and gave the public what it would take. But Sardou was an honest carpenter; his output represented his own thought and effort. A man may be a much smaller craftsman than Sardou and still be an honest workman in his line. The self-deprecatory plea of being merely a carpenter will not excuse the appropriation of other men's ideas such as the laws of patents and trade-marks punish in the industrial and commercial field. Thus it is not at all a question of high drama or low drama, of plays with a purpose or plays intended to amuse, of "uplift" or writing down. Be a carpenter if you like, but refrain from bringing disrepute on an ancient and honorable trade.

In dealing with melodrama, or so-called realistic comedy, David Belasco is the most accomplished stage manager in this country, and as a notable specimen of capable stage production, his presentation of W. C. de Mille's "The Woman," in the Republic Theatre, is worthy of mention as a matter of record. The play also is noteworthy as a typical example of the purely commercial enterprise. From the dramatic or literary point of view it has small claim to consideration, or respect, however artfully it may be designed to gratify the unreflecting multitude. Professedly, it is a serious attack upon, and exposure of, the system of graft which has brought so much discredit upon local, State, and national legislators, and its illustrations of the rascalities practised under the excuse of party necessity may possibly be regarded as salutary. But the real motive of the piece is the sensational exploitation of the usual sexual scandal in somewhat novel and ingenious, but highly improbable circumstances. Briefly these involve a conspiracy on the part of two men to ruin a reformer by exposing his old, illegitimate relations with an unknown woman, who turns out to be the idolized daughter of the one and the wife of the other. Considerable technical skill is displayed in the construction of the plot, in maintaining melodramatic suspense, and in the creation of an effective but wholly artificial and insignificant climax, which is finally resolved in a feeble, conventional, and unreasonable manner. But the preliminary thrills and the indispensable happy ending are obtained, and nothing else was thought of. The sole value of the exhibition lies in the perfection of the scenic details, the precise realism of all minor incidents, the exclusion of impertinent matter, and the admirably judicious adaptation of the cast to the work assigned to it. If the play had been equal to the performance it would have been a masterpiece.

Ludwig Fulda's dramatized fairy story, "Der Talisman" (Ginn), is, like all of Fulda's writings, characterized by such skilful workmanship and artistic self-sufficiency that we regret the rationalistic manner in which Otto Manthey-Zorn has interpreted the comedy as a satire upon the

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German Emperor. Whatever the truth may be—and the editor can hardly be right in going so far—the American student will surely care more for the play than for the satire. If this were not the case, the play would not be worth editing. The vocabulary seems more successful than the introduction or the notes. "Burlesque" is not just the adjective to apply to Ferdinand Raimund.

Lillah McCarthy, who is still appearing nightly in London in "Fanny's First Play," is going to give a series of special matinée performances of three short plays: George Meredith's "The Sentimentalists," Granville Barker's "Rococo," and J. M. Barrie's "The Twelve Pound Look."

Austin Strong, author of the new "Rip Van Winkle" and of "The Toymaker of Nuremberg," has written a play, already obtained for production in America, and likely to be done before long at a leading London theatre. All the characters, with three exceptions, are insects. It bears the title of "The Spider's Web," the dominating spirit in the piece being the spider itself. The three exceptions are human beings, who, by way of punishment for their conduct toward insectivora, have been reduced to microscopic proportions. The plot is of a highly melodramatic description.

Alfred Sutro's latest play, "The Perplexed Husband," which has just been produced at Wyndham's Theatre, in London, appears to be constructed upon tolerably old lines, however modern it may be in some of its decorations. It tells of a prosaic British merchant, an admirable but tiresome man, whose wife fell into the hands of suffragettes and Ibsenites, and virtually divorced him because he was so unsympathetic. So he tries to win her back by provoking her jealousy, with which intent he brings to his home a romantic "typist," who has a Greek soul and loves beauty. Unfortunately, he himself falls in love with the Hellenic maiden, and there is the mischief to pay; but peace is restored when Kalleia, as she calls herself, departs with an elderly gentleman who has been captured by her advanced views.

Henry Arthur Jones's latest play, "The Ogre," which has just been produced at the St. James's Theatre, in London, is a modernized version of "The Taming of the Shrew." The hero is a midde-aged husband, made miserable by the temper and views of a second wife and the misdoings of his children. Meeting with financial misfortunes, he sells his London mansion and removes the whole family to a small place in the country, of which he proposes to be absolute master. He encounters rebellion, of course, but he gradually establishes his authority, until his wife vows that she will endure no more, and threatens to go off with another man. He makes no objection, but rather facilitates the elopement, which, of course, ends in comic disaster before it has begun. The lady is glad enough to get home, and in the end—after a brief experience of starvation—to make complete submission.

Gordon Craig is exhibiting in London models of the symbolistic scenery which he has designed for "Macbeth" and other Shakespearean plays.

Madame Simone, the French actress who recently reached these shores, just before leaving Paris expressed great confidence in the success in New York of Bernstein's "La Rafale." The version played here, she said, was so clipped and trimmed that neither life nor spirit was left in it, whereas her translation was so skilful that her English performance would be virtually identical with her French one. "The Thief" she believes to be as effective to-day as it ever was, and she is enthusiastic over Louis N. Parker's adaptation of "La Princesse Lointaine."

The announcement is made that the Shuberts hereafter will assume the business direction of the body of players of which Donald Robertson is the director. This gentleman organized a small stock company in Chicago for the presentation of drama of superior quality. His enterprise, it seems, is to be conducted upon a more ambitious scale, and the practical part of it—such as the provision of theatres, etc.—is to be looked after by the Shuberts, while Mr. Robertson remains the sole arbiter behind the curtain. It is easy to see how the æsthetic and the ideal might profit by this alliance with the commercial. Hitherto, the Chicago Theatre Society, an organization interested in the presentation of drama of the better kind, has been at the back of the Robertson company, and it is now proposed to establish similar bodies in other large cities, in order that the players may be assured of a certain amount of support. Altogether, the project promises to assume dimensions of considerable importance. The repertory of the company is to consist of ten different plays—seven by foreign and three by American authors. The seven foreign plays are "The Upstart Gentleman" ("Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"), by Molière, translated by Curtis Hidden Page; "The Coffee House," by Goldoni, translated by Henry Fuller and H. Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor; "The Thunderbolt," by Pinero; "The Stronger," by Giacossa; "The Lady from the Sea," by Ibsen; "The Tribune," by Paul Bourget; and "The Voysey Inheritance," by Granville Barker. The three American plays are to be announced in the immediate future. There will be no star in the company, each player being assigned to the part for which he may be best fitted. Among those already procured are Hedwig Reicher, Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, Edward Emery, Charlotte Granville, Sheldon Lewis, and Fred Eric.

Many years ago Franz X. Arens, the excellent conductor of the People's Symphony Concerts in New York, gave a series of concerts of American music abroad, to convince Germans of the fact that good things had been composed on this side of the Atlantic. Since that time the works of MacDowell have become familiar to foreign audiences, and several others of our composers have been heard more or less frequently; but regarding most of our writers dense ignorance still prevails abroad. One welcomes, therefore, the announcement that Schirmer's publishing house has arranged to give in Berlin during the present season three concerts of American music. The first is to be a song recital, at which, besides Mme. Falliero Dalcroze and Franz Stainer, there will be heard the singer concerning whom such wonders are related—Elena Gerhardt. Chamber music will be given at the second concert, with Raoul Pugno, A. Gillet, and the Geloso Quartet. For the third concert the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra has been procured, with Busoni as conductor, and Rudolph Ganz and Felix Senius as soloists.

Vladimir de Pachmann will favor us with a Liszt programme this season. It will include a concert étude, six transcriptions of Schubert songs, a mazurka, and the ninth Hungarian rhapsody.

Liszt, the greatest of all musical editors, did not undertake to edit a critical edition of his own compositions, a task of herculean dimensions because of the frequent alterations he made in them. It has been undertaken by an imposing array of musicians and scholars, among them D'Albert, Busoni, (Mottl), Reuss, Stavenhagen, Stradal, Weingartner, Wolfrum, Ansorge, Bronsart, Dräseke, Friedheim, Rosenthal, Sauer, Sgambati, Siloti, La Mara, Lina Ramann, Malherbe, W. Barclay Squire, and Johann Batka. The original works of Liszt will make about forty volumes. The arrangements of his own and others' works will be added as the revision committee may decide. The publishers of this monumental undertaking are Breitkopf & Härtel.

Among the novelties in the musical market this month is one which students of Liszt will welcome with special cordiality—the issue of his twelve symphonic poems in the series of absurdly cheap miniature orchestral scores published in Leipzig by Ernst Eulenburg, who also announces in the series of miniature chamber music scores seven string quartets by Dvorák.

Cosima Wagner has also just contributed to the centenary celebration of her father's genius a book entitled "Franz Liszt: Ein Gedenkblatt von seiner Tochter." It includes, besides personal recollections, unpublished letters of Liszt, and dwells particularly on his friendly relations with Wagner and with the Princess Wittgenstein.

Art

Paintings and Studies by Kwanabe Kyōsai. With illuminated frontispiece in 80 color blocks, 33 collotype plates, and 22 pages of half-tone illustrations. By Josiah Conder, F.R.I.B.A. Tokio: Maruzen Co.

This is a volume which every student of Oriental art will wish to possess and which all admirers of the beautiful will desire even for its purely artistic merits. The Japanese themselves have been doing a good deal of late to popularize their art among the people of the Occident, but such works have largely consisted of sentimental generalities, giving little insight into the masters' point of view. While more weighty works of explanation and comment have been essayed by such authorities as Anderson, Gonse, Regamey, Brinkley, Brinkmann, Bing, and others, none of them strikes out on so new and illuminating a path as does Mr. Conder. He has spent a lifetime in Japan, the greater part of which has been de-

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voted to a study of the nation's art; and as he was a pupil of Kyōsai during the last eight years of the great artist's life, he is eminently fitted to act as a guide through technical processes. In this quarto volume Mr. Conder embodies the copious notes made during his apprenticeship under Kyōsai, concerning which he says:

> Much of my instruction was gained by watching the master execute paintings, in listening to his comments and explanations, and assisting him with such purely technical details as generally fall to the share of a pupil.

The text sets out with a biography of the artist. Kyōsai revealed marks of genius as early as the age of three, when his sketches showed extraordinary insight into weird and ghostly themes. He was always to be found where anything exciting was in progress, and to the end maintained this strong bent toward realism. He was a close student of the most realistic paintings of the West, and his broad mind always maintained that there was a wealth of art beyond the radius of his own opportunities.

The critical chapters deal chiefly with the large collection of Kyōsai's works in the author's own possession, but its many reproductions from paintings and sketch-books render it a veritable treasure of ideas on Japanese art. From the numerous counterfeits of Kyōsai's work that began to appear immediately after his death, Mr. Conder points out the risk of making art collections in the East, and this in spite of the fact that highly prized and genuine works of Kyōsai are by no means rare in European museums and private collections. There is an interesting chapter on the limitation placed upon the Japanese artist by his pigments and materials, with due notice of the advantages he derives therefrom. This, with the chapter on methods of painting, shows that it is only by such knowledge that a student can estimate the merits of a Japanese painting. The advantages and drawbacks of the flexible Japanese brush compared with the more rigid pen or pencil of Europe, the limitations of having to express everything by line only, the absence of light and shade, the importance to the artist of the rough sketch, are all treated with an insight and wealth of detail and illustration that leave nothing to be desired. Special emphasis is laid on the importance of the rough sketch in Japanese art. The nude figure is first thinly outlined and afterwards the drapery of clothing is sketched over it, with great regard to anatomy, the point being that a figure so drawn will be truer to life than if no attention be paid to the exact position and action of the limbs and the poise of the body. Then follows a minute description of how four of the reproduced paintings were executed by the artist. The reproduction of one famous picture, Beauty of the Eleventh Century, in the original colors, which forms the frontispiece, required no less than eighty color blocks, a feat probably never attempted in Europe. The absence of chiaroscuro in Japanese painting is said to be due to the fact that by the Japanese artist the realistic representation of European paintings in this respect was regarded as destructive of a primary object, which was "to adorn a surface without destroying the idea of a surface and converting it into an illusion of space." Mr. Conder is careful to point out how Kyōsai, like all the greatest of Japanese painters, does not regard true art as a mere imitating of nature, but a conscious deviating from anatomical truth to give individuality, life, and incident, and thus always represent nature in motion. The book ends with a glossary of Japanese technical terms that will be found most useful for reference.

Henry Frowde announces the following volumes on art and archæology in his list of Oxford books for the autumn: "Historical Portraits, 1600-1700," chosen by Emery Walker, lives by H. B. Butler and C. R. L. Fletcher, with introduction by C. F. Bell; "A History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon," by Vincent A. Smith; "Bronze Age Pottery of Great Britain and Ireland," by John Abercromby, with upwards of 100 collotype plates; "Byzantine Art and Archæology," by O. M. Dalton, with 457 illustrations; "Christian Antiquities in the Nile Valley," by Somers Clarke; "Military Architecture in England," by A. Hamilton Thompson, and "The Church of St. Mary, Cholsey, Berks," by F. J. Cole, with 23 plates.

"Turner's Golden Visions," being reproductions of Turner's masterpieces, with a biography of the artist by C. Lewis Hind, and a study of English moated houses, with many illustrations by W. O. Tristram, will be brought out by Dodd, Mead & Co.

W. H. Ward will publish through B. T. Batsford of London "The Architecture of the Renaissance in France, 1495 to 1830." Mr. Ward has devoted seven years to the preparation of this book.

The officers of the Archæological Institute of America have received a full report of the discoveries made by its expedition excavating on the site of Cyrene, in northern Africa. The excavations were carried on from the end of October, 1910, to May, 1911, except when interrupted by bad weather. At times as many as one hundred Arabs were employed as workmen. Good progress was made in clearing a group of public buildings discovered on the Acropolis. On the northwest slope of the Acropolis a great deposit of votive offerings, mostly of terra cotta, was found, and many tombs in the extensive necropolis were explored. The "finds" of the season comprise a marble head of Athena, of the best period of Greek sculpture, a masterpiece of extraordinary beauty, and a headless female figure of marble about six feet high, which bears a striking resemblance to the Nike of Samothrace and which was found under such conditions that the recovery of the head is not improbable. There were also four other very fine semi-colossal statues of women, dating from the fourth century B. C., one a seated figure. The heads are as yet missing, but their recovery is hoped for. Of a period somewhat later are fifteen half-length, life-size statues of women, and there is a superb portrait bust of a man belonging to the first century A. D., besides more than twenty other sculptures. Of the three thousand terra cotta figurines unearthed, some resemble the Tanagra types, but the majority are ex-votos and show a variety of unfamiliar forms. A great quantity of fragments of pottery were brought to light, ranging in date from the seventh century B. C. to the time of the Roman Empire, as well as a considerable number of Greek inscriptions, including a few that are metrical. The reports on the finds, prepared by Richard Norton with the collaboration of Joseph Clark Hoppin and Charles D. Curtis, will be published, with illustrations, in the next Bulletin of the Archæological Institute. They will be supplemented by a report on hygienic conditions and diseases among the Arabs, by Dr. A. F. Sladden, physician to the expedition. So numerous and appealing were the applications for help which came from the wretched natives that Dr. Sladden turned an ancient tomb into a surgery and dispensary; in seven months he treated gratuitously 721 cases. The philanthropic character and success of this work became a powerful influence in winning the friendliness of the local Arabs. The task of excavation will be resumed the last week in October. Through the generosity of Mr. James Loeb of New York it has also been made possible to procure the services of a German architect, Buehlmann by name, who is experienced in the interpretation of the remains of classical buildings from work in Asia Minor and who will now become a member of the Institute's staff. Satisfactory arrangements have been made for the protection of the excavators.

Paul Rouffio, the French artist who died recently, painted some notable portraits and historical and allegorical figures.

The death is reported of Léopold-Joseph Flameng, a French etcher and engraver, aged seventy-nine. From 1859 until recently he exhibited regularly at the Salon, obtaining the first medal in 1864. Among his most notable studies are The School of Anatomy, The Night Watch, and The Hundred Guilder Piece after Rembrandt. He was a member of the Institute.

Finance

THE STEEL CORPORATION.

No one familiar with the circumstances of the case believed Mr. Wickersham to have declared last week, for broadcast publication, that "the United States Steel Corporation is plainly a combination in restraint of trade." What he did say in his interview with the New York *World* correspondent seems to be a matter of dispute between the *World* and himself; so is the question whether it was said without thought of publication. Presumably the Attorney-General now realizes that

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he should have been much wiser in saying nothing at all. For while it is quite incredible that a public man in his position should have assumed offhand to anticipate the Supreme Court's decision in a suit not even instituted, there were other parts of the interview which were manifest indiscretions, whether intended for publication or not; and these Mr. Wickersham, in his subsequent statement of last Monday, did not repudiate.

The interview was published, moreover, at an unlucky moment. This will probably be admitted even by those who do not believe that last week's 15-point decline in the Steel Corporation's shares was wholly or even primarily due to sudden fear of disintegration. There were abundant reasons, other than such over-night expectations, for the movement in the stock. Wall Street itself had been talking of demoralized prices in the market for steel products, as in a number of other important trades. Organs of the industry had been openly discussing the impending necessity of reducing wages because of reduced earnings. This was well understood to be one phase of a large economic situation which, for reasons not confined to the steel trade or to the United States, was causing business reaction.

But this fact does not alter the main question; which now, at any rate, is, whether the Steel Corporation can legally maintain its existing organization. That is a question too serious and far-reaching to be dealt with by off-hand statements of impressions or of annotations in "Moody's Manual."

The statement given out on Friday by the Department of Justice was another matter. That statement outlined with absolute propriety the attitude of the government's law department. The Harvester combination, anticipating suit under the Anti-Trust law, had professed to the department its willingness to conform with the law in advance of prosecution. The Attorney-General's office had agreed, if a satisfactory plan of corporate reorganization were prepared, to submit that plan to the Federal courts. But Mr. Wickersham had also stated that he could not prescribe the plan and could not guarantee its acceptance; that the court alone was entitled to say what would be conformity with the law, and, moreover, that "the law department of the Government cannot undertake to act as universal counsel for the Trusts." This attitude is not only quite in accordance with the rule and usage in such matters, but it has been the unvarying policy of the department. An exactly similar request for advice as to how to avoid collision with the law was made by Northern Securities directors of the then Attorney-General Knox, in 1902, and was refused on exactly the same grounds as by Mr. Wickersham.

Now, undoubtedly, the situation, as it concerned investors in the Steel shares, was vexatious and distressing. They could not surely know, in the absence of the Supreme Court's decision in an actual suit, whether the combination on the basis of which their $868,000,000 outstanding stock was created is repugnant to the law or not. But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the promoters of the Steel Trust accepted precisely that uncertainty in the amalgamation of 1901, and that every subsequent investor in the stock has tacitly accepted it. That the Government, prior to 1901, had been making little effort to enforce the Anti-Trust Law, is an undoubted fact; but the law was on the statute books. And, furthermore, at the time of the Steel amalgamation, there were reasons which had not previously existed for anticipating increased activity in enforcing it. From 1899 to 1901, inclusive, combinations of existing corporations had been pursued on a scale unmatched in history. The whole country discussed not only the possibility, but the probability, that a dozen or more great industries would pass under such control by a group of capitalists as to place in the hands of these dominant financiers the power, at all events, to dictate prices to consumers. It had been publicly declared as a merit of the process, by the most powerful promoter of all, that even the shareholders in these new combinations would be unable to unseat an existing management.

This is not to arraign the Steel combination in particular, or to assume that company to be certainly repugnant to the law. Every one conversant with its history knows that the policy of this great corporation, in its relation to the trade, has in some respects been of a sort to constitute a legitimate plea against such a conclusion. But, on the other hand, there is no basis for the familiar argument, reiterated this past week, that the Government "is applying the law to a new set of conditions, not contemplated by the Congress which passed the law of 1890." So far is this from being true, that the state of affairs resulting from the so-called reincorporation of American industry, after 1899, is precisely what the legislators and warning prophets of 1890 had in mind. People who make the above extraordinary assertion can never have read the records of the first session of the Fifty-first Congress.

But the talk of "voluntary disintegration" of the Steel Corporation, in advance of action by the courts, was to our mind the mere emanation of Wall Street's excited imaginings. No possible good purpose could have been served by such an experiment, at a moment when neither the Government prosecutors nor the courts had questioned the legality of the company's organization, and when there was no more reason than there has been for half a dozen years past to expect that the matter would be tested. It hardly needed Tuesday's positive statement of Mr. Morgan and Judge Gary, on the basis of which the Steel shares recovered violently on Wednesday, to convince thoughtful people that "no negotiations whatever have taken place between the Steel Corporation and the Department of Justice, looking to the dissolution or disintegration of the Corporation." Their further declaration that the directors "believe that the organization is legal," and that they "are advised by its counsel that its existence is not in violation of the Sherman Act as interpreted in the recent decisions of the Supreme Court," was entirely proper, and with it the matter may for the present rightly rest.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, E. H. The Sick-a-bed Lady. Century. $1.30 net.
Adam, James. The Vitality of Plato, and Other Essays. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Adams, F. P. Tobogganning on Parnassus. Doubleday. 50 cents net.
Alderman, E. A., and Gordon, A. C. J. L. M. Curry: A Biography. Macmillan. $2 net.
Anderson, J. G. Down Hill and Up Hill. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Andrews, M. R. S. The Courage of the Commonplace. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Angell, Norman. The Great Illusion. 3d ed. Putnam. $1.
Bannan, Theresa. Pioneer Irish of Onondaga. Putnam. $2.
Barbour, R. H. Team-Mates. Century. $1.50.
Bartlett, F. O. The Forest Castaways. Century. $1.50.
Benson, E. F. Margery. Doubleday. $1.20 net.
Biagi. The Centaurians. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Bigham, M. A. Within the Silver Moon. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.
Blaisdell, A. F., and Ball, F. K. The American History Story-Book. Boston: Little, Brown. 75 cents.
Boggs, Winifred. Vagabond City. Putnam. $1.35.
Braden, J. A. The Auto Boys' Camp. Akron, O.: Saalfield. $1.
Brereton, F. S. The Hero of Panama. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Brown, R. A. Tabitha at Ivy Hall. Akron, O.: Saalfield. $1.25.
Bruce, H. A. Scientific Mental Healing. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Buckrose, J. E. Love in a Little Town. Putnam. $1.35.
Carleton, Katharine. Dorothy, the Motor Girl. Century. $1.50.
Carlton, F. T. History and Problems of Organized Labor. Boston: Heath.
Cartwright (Capt.) and His Labrador Journal. Ed. by C. W. Townsend. Boston: Dana-Estes. $2.
Cawein, Madison. Poems. (Selected by the author.) Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Clay, J. C., and Herford, Oliver. Cupid's Fair-Weather Booke. Scribner. $1 net.
Cody, G. E. Elinor's Junior Hop. Appleton. $1.50.
Clark, S. A., and Wyatt, Edith. Making Both Ends Meet. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Coleman, G. P. A Captain at Fifteen. Appleton. $1.50.
Collins, J. V. Practical Algebra, Second Course. American Bk. Co.
Coombs, F. L. Young Crusoes of the Sky. Century. $1.50.
Corelli, Marie. The Life Everlasting. Doran. $1.35 net.
Cottes, A. La Mission Cottes au Sud-Cameroun. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Cumont, Franz. Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism. Chicago: Open Court. $2 net.

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Daviess, M. T. Rose of Old Harpeth. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Deland, E. D. The Girls of Dudley School. Appleton. $1.50.
Deland, Margaret. The Iron Woman. Harper.
Dick, Stewart. The Pageant of the Forth. Chicago: McClurg. $1.75 net.
Dodd, W. E. Statesmen of the Old South. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Douglas, Lord Alfred. The City of the Soul. Lane. $1.50 net.
Dubois, Paul. Reason and Sentiment. Funk & Wagnalls. 50 cents net.
Duke, B. W. Reminiscences. Doubleday, $2.50 net.
Eckles, C. H. Dairy Cattle and Milk Production. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Fairy Tales, The Big Book of. Ed. by Walter Jerrold. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Field, F. W. Capital Investments in Canada. Montreal: The Monetary Times. $2.50.
Forbes, George. Puppets. Macmillan. $1.20 net.
Forman, S. E. Stories of Useful Inventions. Century. $1 net.
Galt, John. Annals of the Parish. Chicago: McClurg. $1.75 net.
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